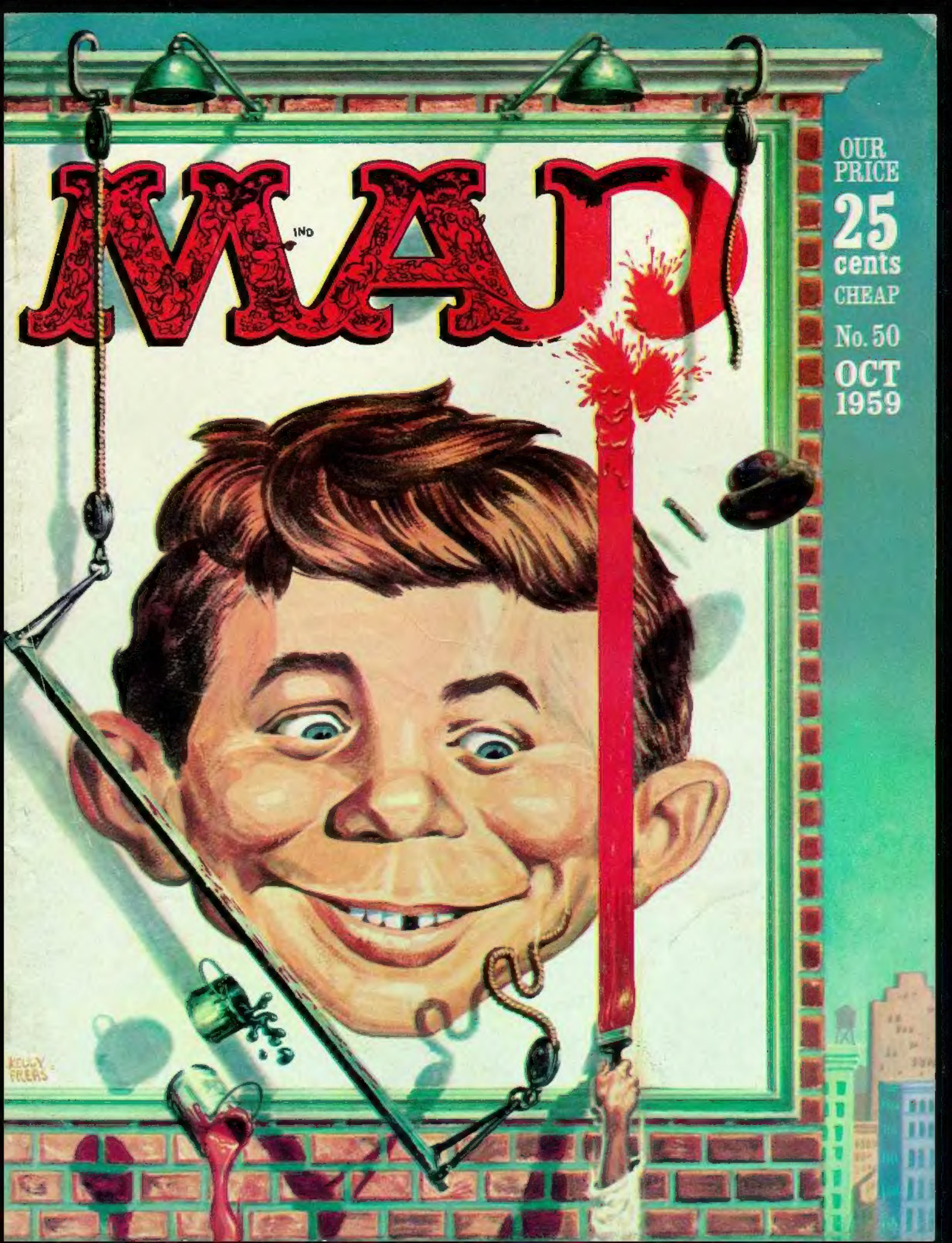
MAD
IND
OUR PRICE
25 cents
CHEAP
No. 50
OCT 1959
KELLY FREAS

The most important ¼ inch in smoking today

MAINLY, YOU GET
NO SMOKE IF YOU
DON'T LIGHT UP!

Tobacco tastes best
when the cigarette's lit!

Popular Price **Parliamatch**

NUMBER 50 OCTOBER 1959

MAD

"Astronomers point out that star clusters, galaxies, in fact the whole universe is racing away from Earth at 15,000 miles per second. Can you blame it?"

Alfred E. Neuman

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DEPARTMENTS

AFOUL OFF THE SCREEN DEPARTMENT
NBC vs CBS in the TV Baseball League 9
BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPARTMENT
MAD Playgrounds 24
BLEATING HEARTS DEPARTMENT
Blue Confessions 33
COPS AND THROBBERS DEPARTMENT
The Night Peter Gone Cracked 39
DISHONORABLE MENTION DEPARTMENT
Spot That Plug 4
DON'T BEAT THIS GENERATION DEPARTMENT
What Teenagers Really Think About 30
DON MARTIN DEPARTMENT
"The Nearsighted Man and the Telephone" 14
"On The Beach" 38
"The New Chair" 48
FIX THEIR VOLKSWAGEN DEPARTMENT
How To Fight The Small Car Threat 7
HOLLYWOOD DEPARTMENT
More "Scenes We'd Like To See" 23
LADIES OF DISTINCTION DEPARTMENT
Women in Whiskey Ads 19
LET'S WE FORGET DEPARTMENT
The MAD Time Capsule 13
LETTERS DEPARTMENT
Random Samplings of Reader Mail 2
MARGINAL MARVIN DEPARTMENT
Marvin talks about "Secret Ingredients" ..... **
MAYBE HAPPY RETURNS DEPARTMENT
Practical Greeting Cards 36
NO MUSE IS GOOD MUSE DEPARTMENT
Where Songwriters Get Their Inspirations 16
OUT-OF-CONTEXT DEPARTMENT
Changing Meanings For Fun And Profit 27
ROCK 'N PAROLE DEPARTMENT
The Big House Beacon 43
TELEVISION DEPARTMENT
More "TV Ads We'd Like To See" 32

**Consecutive Places Throughout The Magazine

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VITAL FEATURES

SPOT THAT PLUG 2

Here's a fascinating TV game in which you figure out who's getting the ol' payola. Internal Revenue Agents should find it fun.

NBC VS CBS 9

When NBC and CBS meet in a baseball game, they fare like on TV, mainly few hits, lots of errors, many viewers out at home.

SONG INSPIRATIONS 16

MAD offers the possible original inspirations of some popular songs, and ignores the greatest inspiration of all: money!

WOMEN IN WHISKEY ADS 19

Now that women are being introduced into whiskey ads, the double standard will be replaced by the double-vision standard ...

MAD PLAYGROUNDS 24

MAD designs devices to help kids get a grip on life. If successful, we plan aids for adults in their second childhood.

WHAT TEENAGERS THINK ABOUT ... 30

An article calculated to defend teenagers from unfair adult attacks, which should earn some unfair teenage attacks on MAD.

PETER GONE 39

MAD takes a look at that TV show about a private eye who loves Jazz, and suggests a better gimmick for it, mainly a silencer.

THE BIG HOUSE BEACON 43

The Big House Class of '59 imitates a typical high school yearbook to prove the similarity of both these institutions.

FIRST CAME MAD FOR KEEPS

WHICH WAS ACCLAIMED BY THOUSANDS

as utter trash!

NOW COMES MAD FOREVER

This second de-luxe hard-bound Anthology of the best material from past issues of MAD includes a hilarious introduction by Steve Allen, followed by 133 pages of riotous articles, ad satires and other garbage, many in vivid color. It makes a great gift, but it's mainly for idiots who missed this material, and for clods who want a permanent collection of the junk they wasted good money on originally. So get your copy today!

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LETTERS DEPT.

THE DAILY OPTIMIST

In "The Daily Optimist," in your July issue (No. 48), under the story "Seven Magic Number for California Man," it clearly states that August is the seventh month of the year! If you dopes will remember your Latin, you'll find that the word "septem" means seven. Thus: *September* is the seventh month, stupids!

Fred Strohm
Brookville, Penna.

Didn't you morons ever go to school? I knew you were stupid, judging by the articles in your nauseating magazine, but I didn't think you were ignorant. In "The Daily Optimist" it states that August is the seventh month of the year. Any child can tell you August is the 8 th month.

Charles E. Pierce
Belvidere, N. J.

Idiots! Scatterbrains! In the "Seven Magic Number" story in "The Daily Optimist," it states that August is the seventh month of the year. Unless somebody changed it while I wasn't looking, August is still the EIGHTH month!

Arthur Milano
Watertown, Mass.

In your July issue, "The Daily Optimist" states that August is the seventh month of the year. August is the 8 th month, stupid! What were you trying to prove?

Kathy Dawson
Salem, Oregon

We were trying to prove that you shouldn't believe everything you read in the papers! —Ed.

WEIRD NAMES

Of all the strange, weird, and idiotic names you've come up with, and you've come up with some corkers, I think *William M. Gaines* tops them all!

Richard Kapnick
Adrian, Mich.

Honest, Bill! This is a legitimate letter!—Ed.

HOW A TV SCRIPT IS BORN

In "How A Television Script is Born" (MAD #48), you mention a certain Ford which has been hit by a baseball. Then you turn around, and draw the interior of a Mercury. Clods!

Walter Rode
Portland, Conn.

I thought I'd give you a blast, and clue in your continuity department. The car you call a Ford (with a busted windshield) is a '52-'53 Mercury, according to the dashboard. Any clod should know that!

Edward S. Jacklivitch
Parma, Ohio

Ford With A Mercury Dash?

You put a 1953 Mercury dash panel in the car you tried to pass off as a Ford. What gives???

Barney Currer
Hollywood, Calif.

Wallace Wood, the artist who drew this story, is trying to find out 'what gives,' and he's looking for the guy who sold him the car!—Ed.

Boy, you stupes really goofed this time. In "How a TV Script is Born," you show "Cindy" losing her slipper from her left foot, and then you show the Prince fitting it on her right foot.

Pat Hudson
Charleston, W. Va.

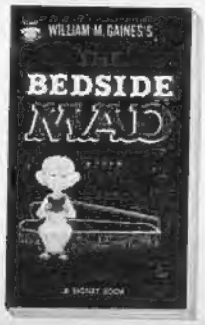
In the Network Vice-President's version, Cindy drops her slipper off her left foot, and the Prince tries it on her right foot. How could it fit her?

Tim Pabian
Van Nuys, Calif.

It didn't matter, because when the Prince danced with Cindy, he realized she had two left feet!—Ed.

IF YOU HAVE TROUBLE FALLING ASLEEP

. . . let somebody hit you over the head with . . .



THE LATEST MAD POCKET-SIZE BOOK

THE BEDSIDE MAD

This sixth collection of early failures joins "The MAD Reader", "MAD Strikes Back", "Inside MAD", "Utterly MAD", and "The Brothers MAD" in lengthening **"Dr. Neuman's Five-Foot Shelf of Detestable Literature"** another three-quarters of an inch.

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OR YOURS BY MAIL FOR 40¢
THE COMPLETE COLLECTION—ALL SIX—FOR $2.00
MAIL MONEY TO: MAD, POCKET DEPT.,
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SKIN DIVING

You made a major goof in your article on "Skin Diving" (No. 48). In it, you state that the tank a diver uses contains "oxygen." This is *very wrong!* Any idiot knows a skin diver uses compressed air!

Danny Gallant
Hampton, Va.

We didn't know it! So what does that make us?—Ed.

PERRY MASONMINT

Since when did Rogers Hornsby play his entire career in the National League? Hornsby played with the *St. Louis Browns* from 1933 to 1937.

Brian F. Lavin
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Since when were the St. Louis Browns ever considered in the American League?—Ed.

You incorrectly stated that there were 69,432 people in Yankee Stadium. The seating capacity is only 67,203. Explain that!

Tom Nye
Summit, N. J.

We were counting the ball players!—Ed.

THE WORST FROM MAD

I just got my second annual edition of "The Worst From MAD," and flipped over the real record you included. I played it for my friends, and they went wild over it too. I hope you put out more in the future.

Peter Olen
Utica, N. Y.

AN APOLOGY

Your magazine is a necessary thing at a time when everything is a sacred cow. Keep up the good work. I enjoy every page, except: (and this is not a crackpot criticism) the recent cartoons by Don Martin. I found "The Cavemen" and "The Old Salt" offensive.

Paul Lippman
New York City

Mr. Martin apologizes for any possible bad taste in "The Cavemen" and "The Old Salt," and offers this excuse: At the time that he did them, he was feeling well. He promises it won't happen again, now that he's sick once more!—Ed.

GREAT MOMENTS IN MEDICINE

We realize that nothing is realistic in MAD except the laughter it produces, but your digression in combining art and beauty with disguised realism in "Great Moments in Medicine" was a masterpiece, and worthy of a prominent place in any art museum.

Thompson News Stand
Junction City, Kansas

I have visited many of the better art museums and exhibits, and have dealt in art reproduction for the past twenty years. "Presenting the Bill," in my estimation, is one of the finest pieces of art I have ever seen, and the original should be hung alongside of past and present great masters in some art center.

Everett W. Saggus
Elberton, Canada

Should Be Hung?

Your ad satire on the back cover of the July issue, "Great Moments in Medicine—*Presenting The Bill,*" was the best yet. I showed it to a Doctor friend of mine, and he suggested that there was even a greater moment in medicine—when the bill is paid!

Frank M. Davis
Dillon, Montana

A SERIOUS QUESTION

Are you getting worse, or I am maturing?

B. R. Saunders
Denver, Colo.

We're maturing! So you must be getting worse!—Ed.

Please address all correspondence to: MAD, Room 706, Dept. 50. 225 Lafayette Street New York 12, N. Y.

THE FACE THAT LAUNCHED A THOUSAND SHIPS!

Yes, Helen of Troy's was "The Face That Launched a Thousand Ships"! And Alfred E. Neuman's is "The Face That SANK a Thousand Ships"! So if you want a full-color reproduction of our little "sinker," suitable for framing or wrapping fish, send 25¢ to: Dept. What—Color? c/o MAD, Room 706, 225 Lafayette St. N.Y. 12, N.Y.

WHY FIGHT OVER THE ONLY COPY OF MAD ON THE NEWSSTAND

WHEN YOU CAN SUBSCRIBE

and fight over the only copy at home, like the happy family above is doing!

MAD SUBSCRIPTIONS
225 Lafayette Street
New York City 12, New York

You're right! I'm sick of fighting with perfect strangers for my copy of MAD at the newsstands. I enclose $2.00. Please enter my name as a subscriber, and send the next nine issues to my home by mail, where I can fight over it with people I know.

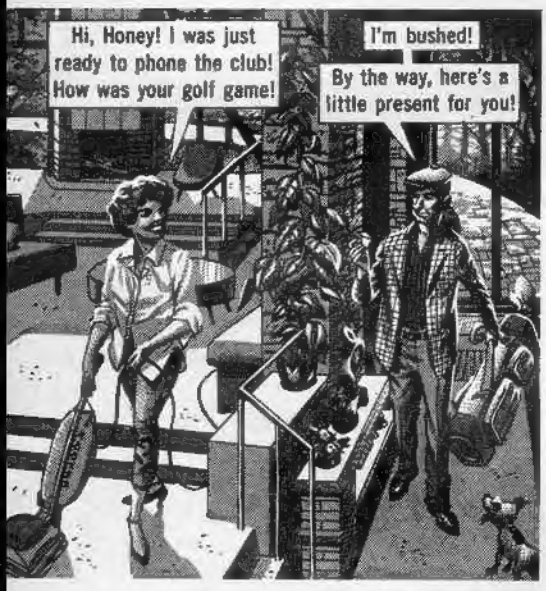
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE ____
STATE _____

DISHONORABLE MENTION DEPT.

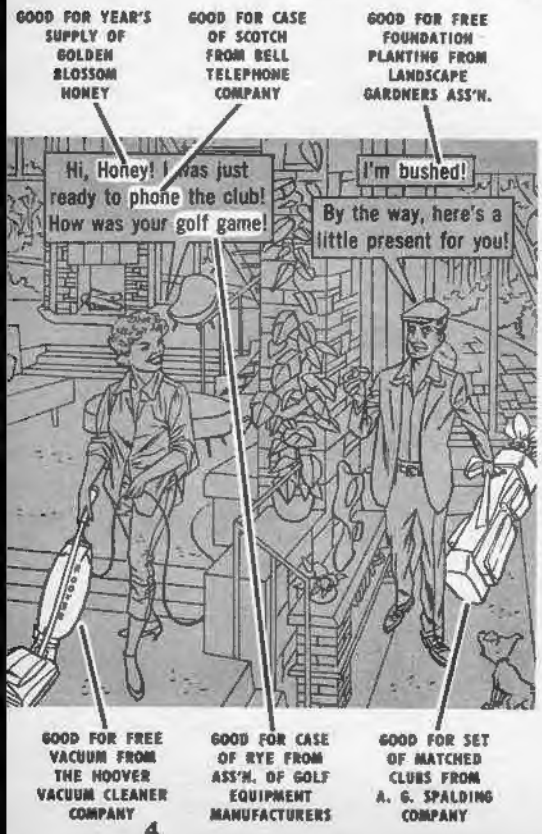
There are a great many things we can't stand about television... like f'instance *watching it!* Another thing we can't stand is the way writers and directors keep slipping hidden plugs into their programs. These plugs usually consist of showing a certain product, mentioning a certain brand name, or making some sneaky commercial references in the dialogue. Whichever method is used, it all adds up to extra loot for them TV people, and extra headaches for us TV viewers! And it seems to us that this practice is getting worse all the time! And so, in self defense, MAD's Special Projects Editor recently created a new TV game called:

SPOT

HERE'S A TYPICAL DULL SCENE FROM A



NOW HERE'S THE EXACT SAME SCENE

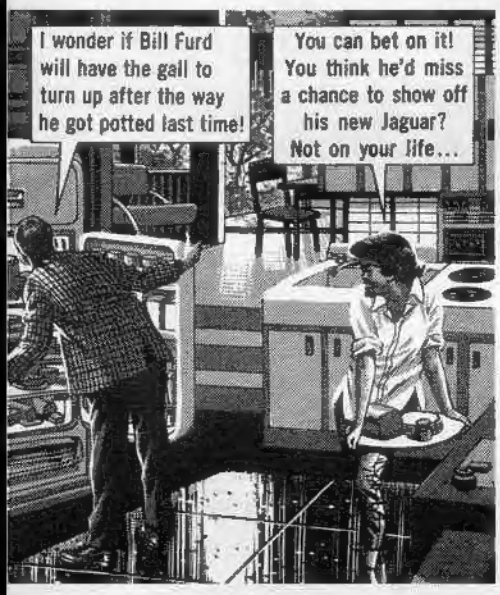


Hi! My name is Marvin!

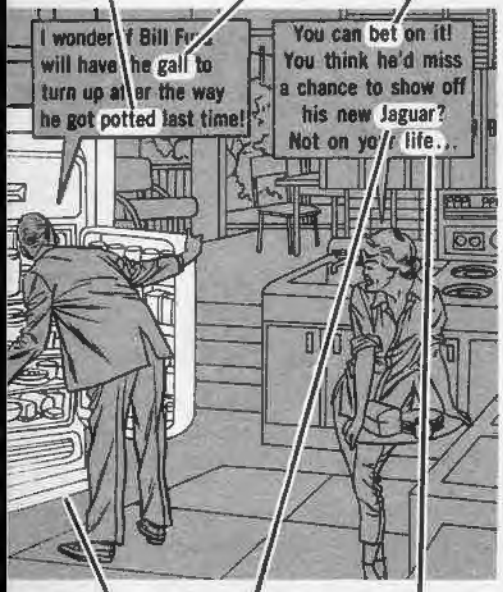
THAT PLUG!

TYPICAL DULL TV PLAY...

ART–WALLACE WOOD
STORY–SY REIT



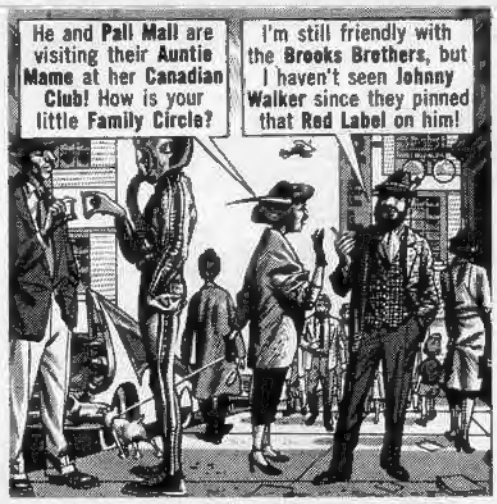
WITH ITS "PLUGS" SHOWING...



AND THAT'S ONLY THE BEGINNING!

IF THIS TREND CONTINUES, WE'LL SOON BE SEEING PRETTY OBVIOUS PLUGS LIKE . . .

AFTER A WHILE, THE TELEVISION PEOPLE WILL THROW ALL CAUTION TO THE WINDS . . .



AND EVENTUALLY, WE'LL REACH THE STAGE WHERE PLUGS TAKE OVER TV COMPLETELY . . .

TV ROUNDUP

by Jack Goul

The battle of the ratings is in full swing again as Fall TV Programming enters its second week.

Monday night, Steve Allen's plugs outTrendexed all competition with a resounding 31.4.

In my opinion, the victory was justified. Allen's plugs had freshness and originality, sorely needed in this day and age of mundane, predictable plugs glutting the channels.

My only objection was that some entertainment found its way into an otherwise enjoyable evening.

When will TV personalities wake up to the fact that the plug-viewing public can no longer be easily satisfied? Instead of wasting good money hiring tired plugpluggers, they should take a lesson from Steve, and hire new writers with talent and imagination who can bring

Editor's Note: Outfits who have been plugged in this article will please send that old payola to MAD, 225 Lafayette Street, N.Y.C. *(no fools, we!)*

I finally got a chance to say something!

ATTENTION: DETROIT AND MADISON AVENUE! THIS NEXT ARTICLE CONTAINS ADVICE ON

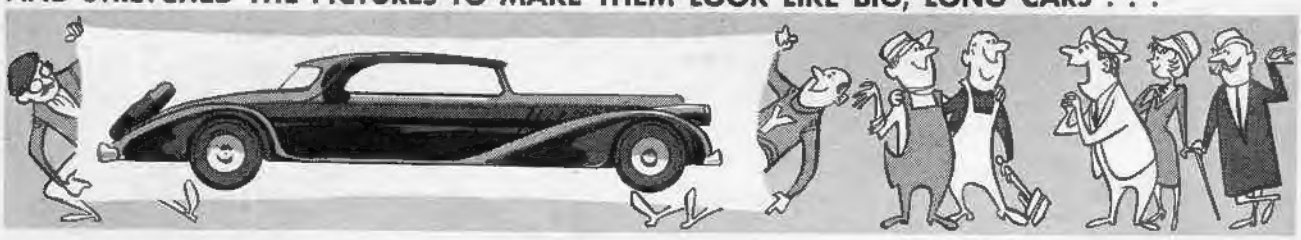
HOW TO FIGHT THE SMALL CAR THREAT

ONCE UPON A TIME, DETROIT USED TO MAKE SMALL, DUMPY-LOOKING CARS . . .

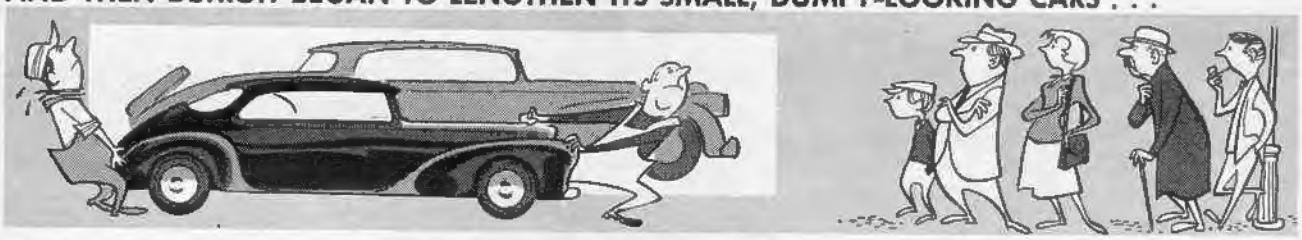
THEN THEY DISCOVERED THE PUBLIC DREAMED OF OWNING BIG, LONG CARS . . .

SO MADISON AVE. BOYS PHOTOGRAPHED THE SMALL, DUMPY-LOOKING CARS . . .

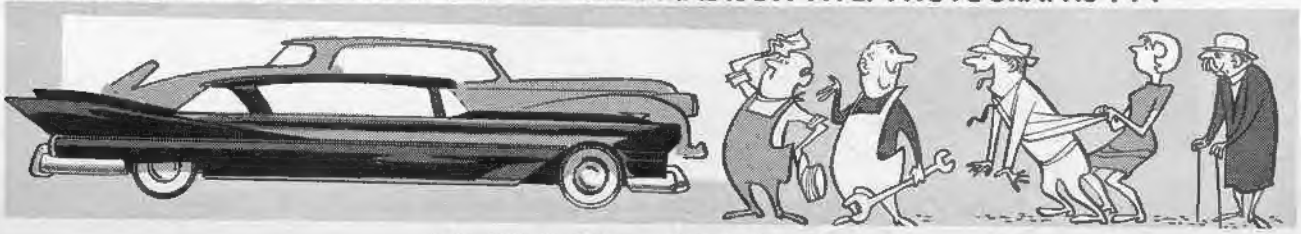
AND STRETCHED THE PICTURES TO MAKE THEM LOOK LIKE BIG, LONG CARS . . .



AND THEN DETROIT BEGAN TO LENGTHEN ITS SMALL, DUMPY-LOOKING CARS . . .

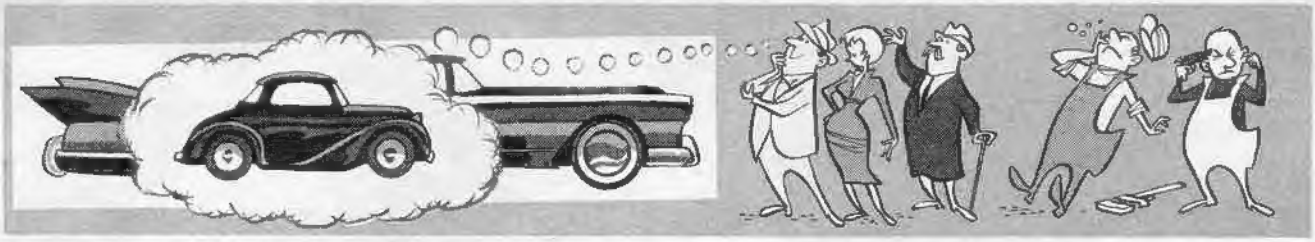


TILL THEY EVENTUALLY CAUGHT UP TO THEIR MADISON AVE. PHOTOGRAPHS . . .



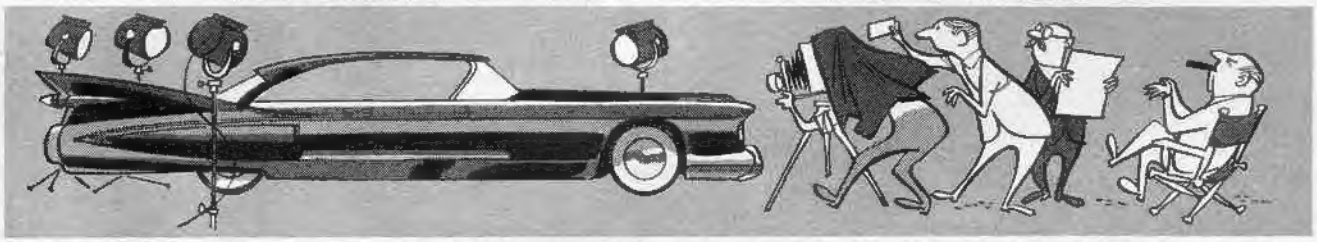
ART–BOB CLARKE STORY–AL JAFFEE

NOW THEY'VE DISCOVERED THE PUBLIC DREAMS OF OWNING SMALL CARS!!!



SO HERE'S OUR ADVICE:

REVERSE THE WHOLE PROCESS! TAKE PHOTOGRAPHS OF TODAY'S BIG CARS . . .



AND SQUASH THE PICTURES TO MAKE THEM LOOK LIKE THOSE SMALL CARS!!!

You'll Love the Luxurious New Compact Little...

Cadillac ...universal symbol of small achievements

THIS WILL GIVE DETROIT TIME TO SHORTEN THEIR CARS TILL THEY CAN CATCH UP TO THEIR PICTURES AGAIN...AND NOBODY'LL BE THE WISER!

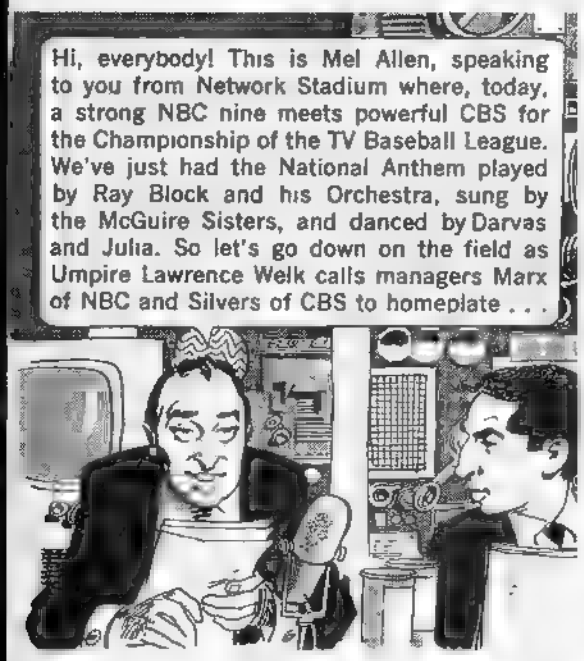
AFOUL OFF THE SCREEN DEPT.

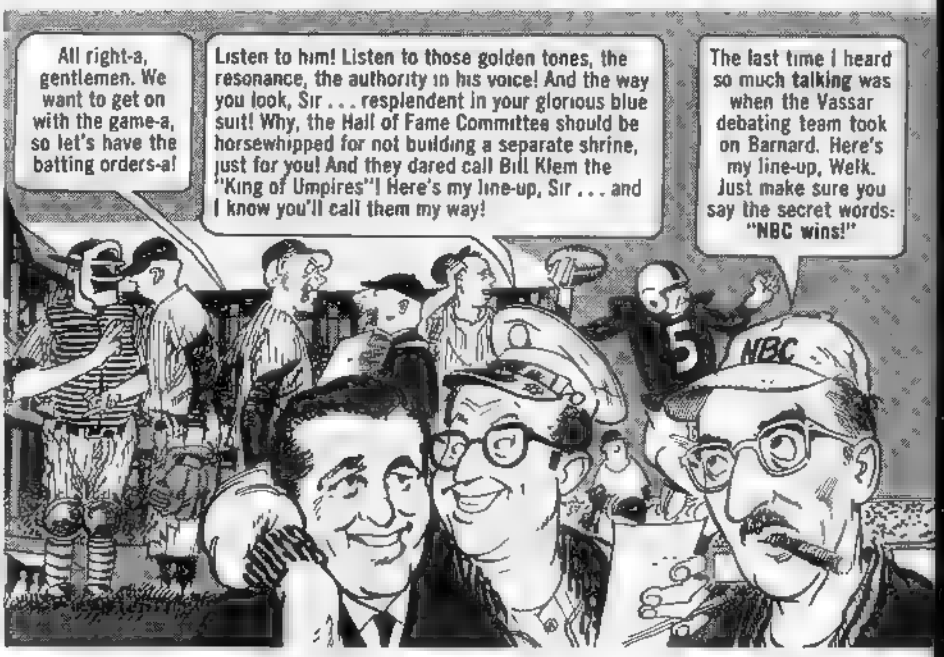
And, Boy! It's about time!

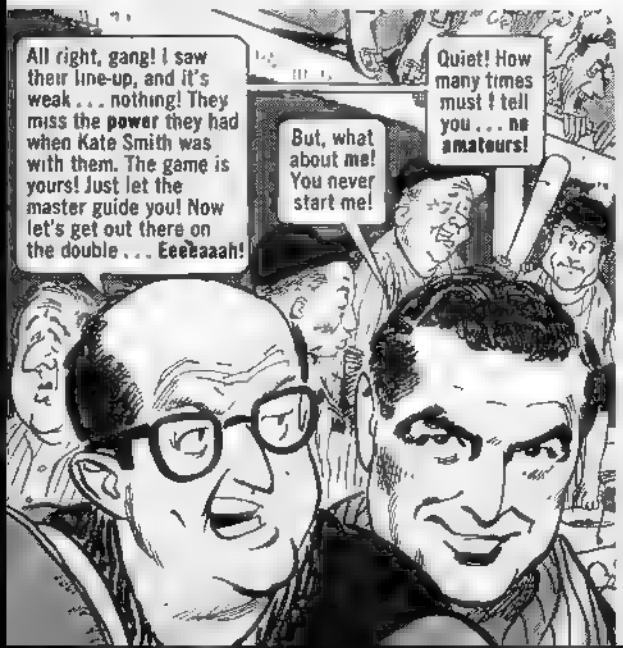
For the past few summers here in New York City, members of the casts of Broadway shows have formed teams and played baseball against each other in Central Park. This "Broadway Show League", as it is known, has proven very successful . . . and MAD feels it will prompt similar leagues to spring up within other forms of entertainment. F'rinstance, television! Can't you just picture to yourself that bright and sunny summer day when . . .

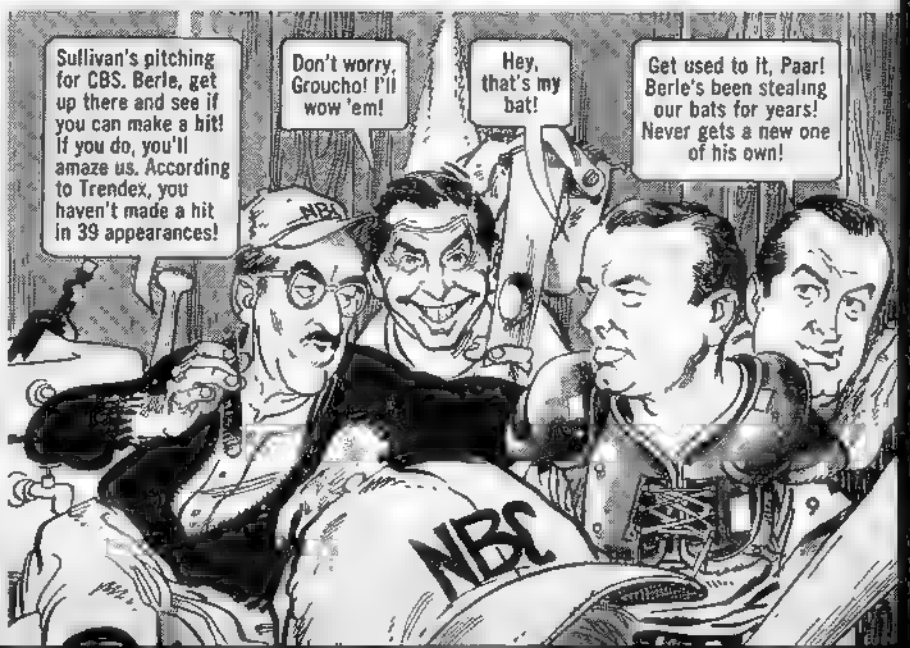
NBC PLAYS CBS in THE TV BASEBALL LEAGUE

ART—MORT DRUCKER STORY—ARNIE KOGEN





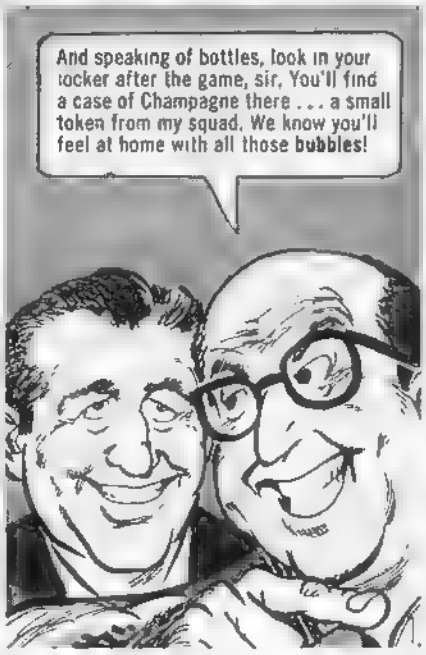




Milton Berle, the first batter for NBC, steps to the plate. Sullivan winds up—pitches—and it's high—

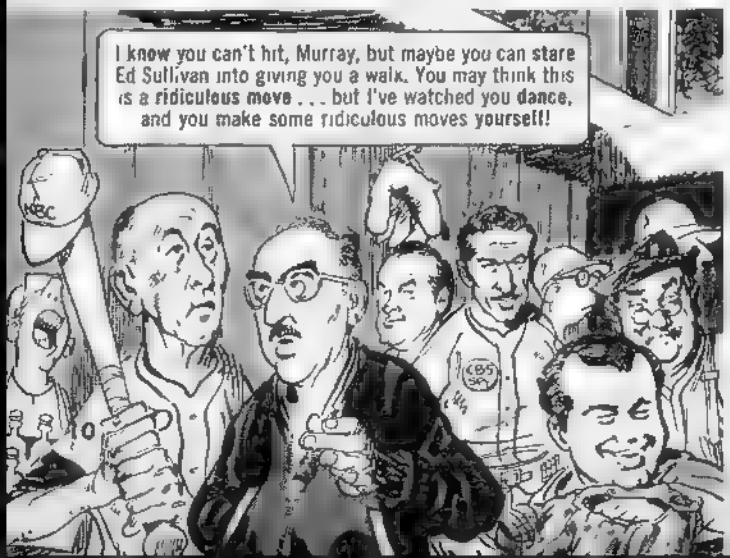
Berle walks — and Steve Allen comes up. He checks signals from 3rd base coach Kathryn Murray—

Allen is hit by a pitch, and limps to first, moving Berle up to second. The next batter, George Gobel, takes two called strikes. The crowd, angered by Welk's calls, throws pop bottles at him, and time is suddenly called . . . by the catcher, Jack Benny—

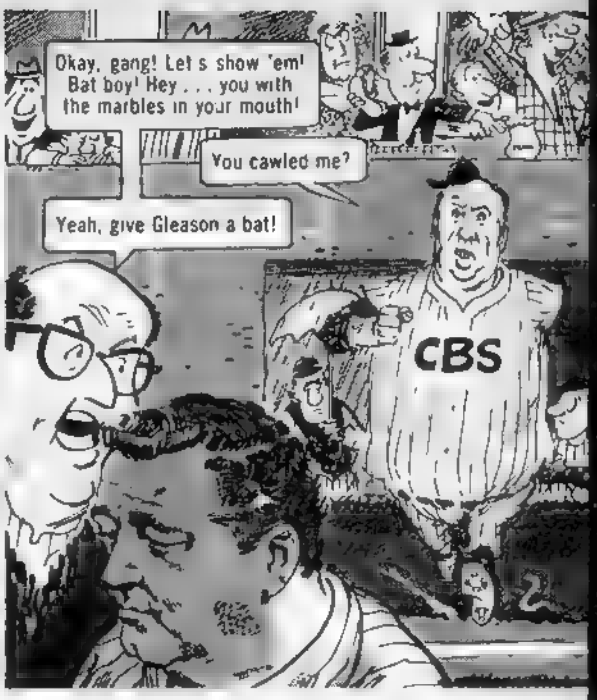


The game resumes, and George Gobel strikes out. With Ralph Edwards due up next, it looks like Marx is sending in Arthur Murray to pinch hit —

Sullivan, unnerved by Murray's appearance, pitches four straight balls, and the bases are full, setting the stage for Jack Paar —



Paar takes the first pitch and sends a blooper to Eve Arden, who touches third for the double play. As Jack walks away, the crowd views an unusual sight for a ballfield, but an old one for TV—



Gleason, the first batter for CBS, hits a tremendous blast to the center field wall. It's chased by Eddie Fisher, who finally retrieves it, and throws it to the infield. It's relayed to the base—and it's going to be close. Gleason slides—and—

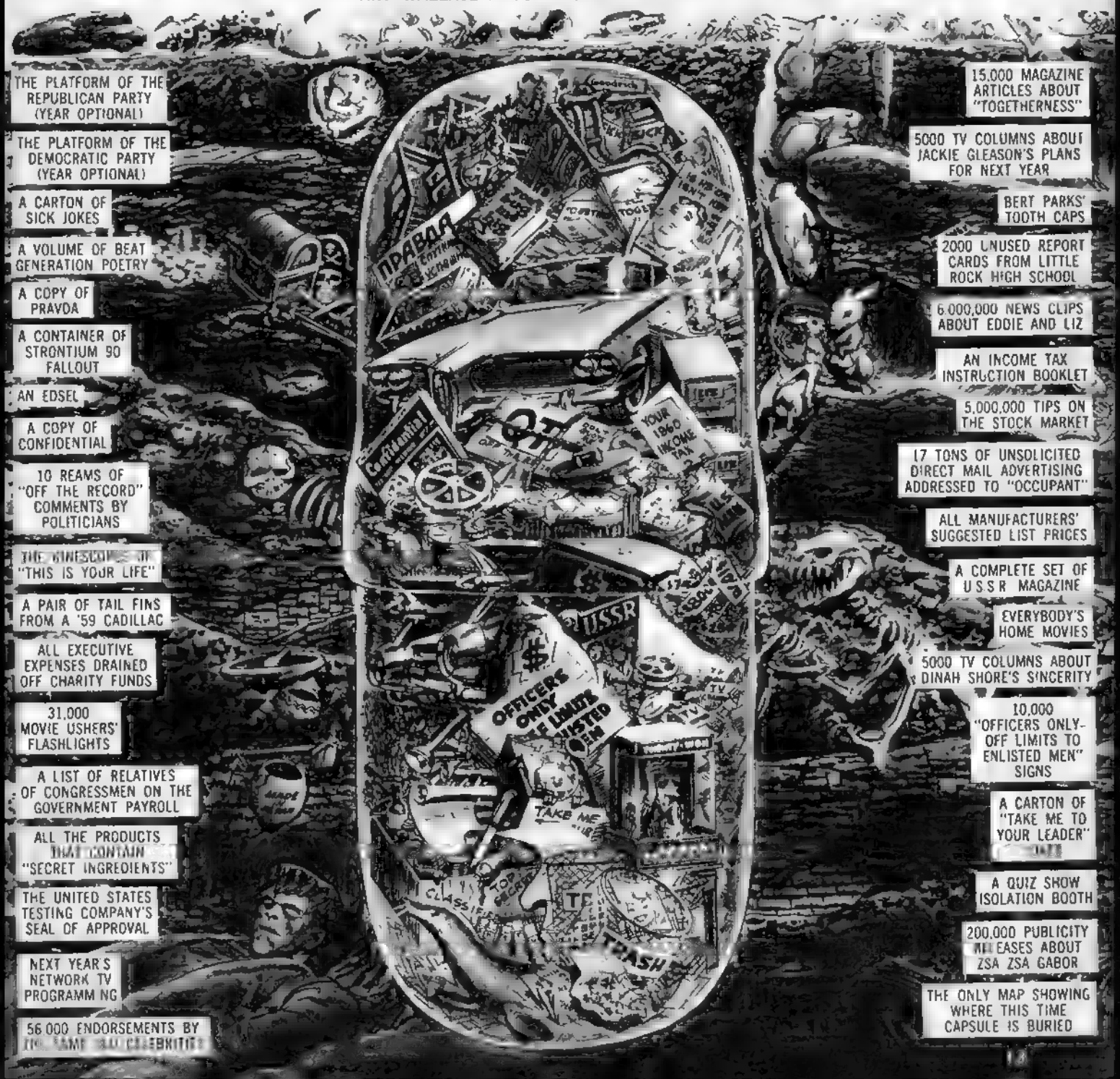
This game is going to the dogs!
If they can send in Lassie, why can't we send in Howdy Doody?
He hasn't been on TV lately! We'd have to pull strings!
MILWAUKEE
Say, Ump! You can't let this mutt play! There may be a commotion. Especially since my third baseman looks like a hydrant!
That's right-a! Mr. Silvers, I'm afraid that it's a violation of the rules!
I understand, Sir! You're perfectly right! And to show our appreciation, we're having a little get-to gether in our dugout during the seventh inning stretch . . oh, nothing much . . . just some cocktails, a few hors-d'oeuvres . . a sort of pre-victory celebration! Won't you join us?
Why? Are you falling apart?
How do you like that? I can't do a thing with Welk! I guess it's time for my ace-in-the-hole! Number 23 . . . out there on the double! Eeaahh!
Mr. Welk! My name is Michael Anthony, and I have here one million dollars, tax free. There's only one small stipulation . . . mainly that you throw the game!
Anthony! I'm picking you up on a 402 . . bribery!
I'm not so sure this constitutes bribery, Webb!
You don't belong out here, Burr! You should be back in your dugout, doing what you're noted for . . . confusing people on the bench!
And a-one . . . and a-two . . . and a-three . . .
Hmmmm! A million dollars! I'm in the wrong business! Oh, Rochester . . . bring me my blue suit!
DID ANYONE SEE A NOSE COME FALL HERE?
NBC
12
10
ZIP!

LET'S WE FORGET DEPT.

Every now and then, we read about some well-meaning group burying a "time capsule" in the ground. This "capsule" is always crammed with all sorts of dandy things that represent our Modern World . . . the idea being that when future generations dig it up, they'll know just how *wonderful* we really were! And we say this is ridiculous! We say if you're gonna *bury* things, bury the things that *should* be buried, and then make sure they're *left* buried! Mainly, there are plenty of things in our Modern World that we could happily do without . . . like f'rinstance the things we could get rid of once and for all in . . .

THE MAD TIME CAPSULE

ART—WALLACE WOOD STORY—SY REIT



DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

THE AND

Don Martin, MAD's maddest artist, who phones us regularly from Florida where he lives (demanding we send him the money we owe him for last issue), now tells us about the time he was the innocent participant in a memorable experience he calls

I been saying things around here for years! Brilliant things!

NEARSIGHTED MAN THE TELEPHONE

NO MUSE IS GOOD MUSE DEPT.

Most people think that composers get their ideas for popular songs from nature and love and mush like that. We think this is so much baloney! We think song-writers

Where Song-Writers

We wonder if
LERNER & LOEWE
saw this newspaper article
and then wrote
"I COULD HAVE DANCED ALL NIGHT"

ART—GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

COULD HAVE DANCED ALL NIGHT CLAIMS MARATHON CUP WINNER

WEST FLINTLOCK, Md.—The finals of the West Flintlock Annual Dance Marathon were won last night by Pauline Sprong and Chester McScurvy. Mr. McScurvy collapsed immediately after winning the contest, but Miss Sprong finished in amazingly good condition.

"I could have danced all night", she stated twice to reporters, after accepting the cup, "and still have begged for more!"

Miss Sprong denied reports that toward the end, she was too exhausted to do more than go through the motions. "Not true!", she said. "Why I could have spread my wings and done a thousand things I'd never done before. Only I was too busy holding up Chester!"

Miss Sprong could offer no explanation of her love of dance marathons. "I'll never know", she admitted, "what makes them so exciting. It's just that all at once my heart takes flight when I'm competing in one!"

The pretty winner was quick to credit her partner with inspiring their record-breaking performance. "I only know", she said, "when he began to dance with me that I could have danced all night to win, if I'd had to!"

FINALISTS PAULINE SPRONG AND CHESTER McSCURVY CELEBRATING WIN

We wonder if
DONALDSON & WHITING
saw this classified ad
and then wrote
"MY BLUE HEAVEN"

FURNISHED, cozy room with fireplace. Furniture, drapes and walls decorated in heavenly blue. Just right for young couple with baby. Apply evenings. Turn right at Elm, look for little white light in house nestling where roses bloom. Smiling face in window will be me. $12 per wk. Mrs. Molly Clots.

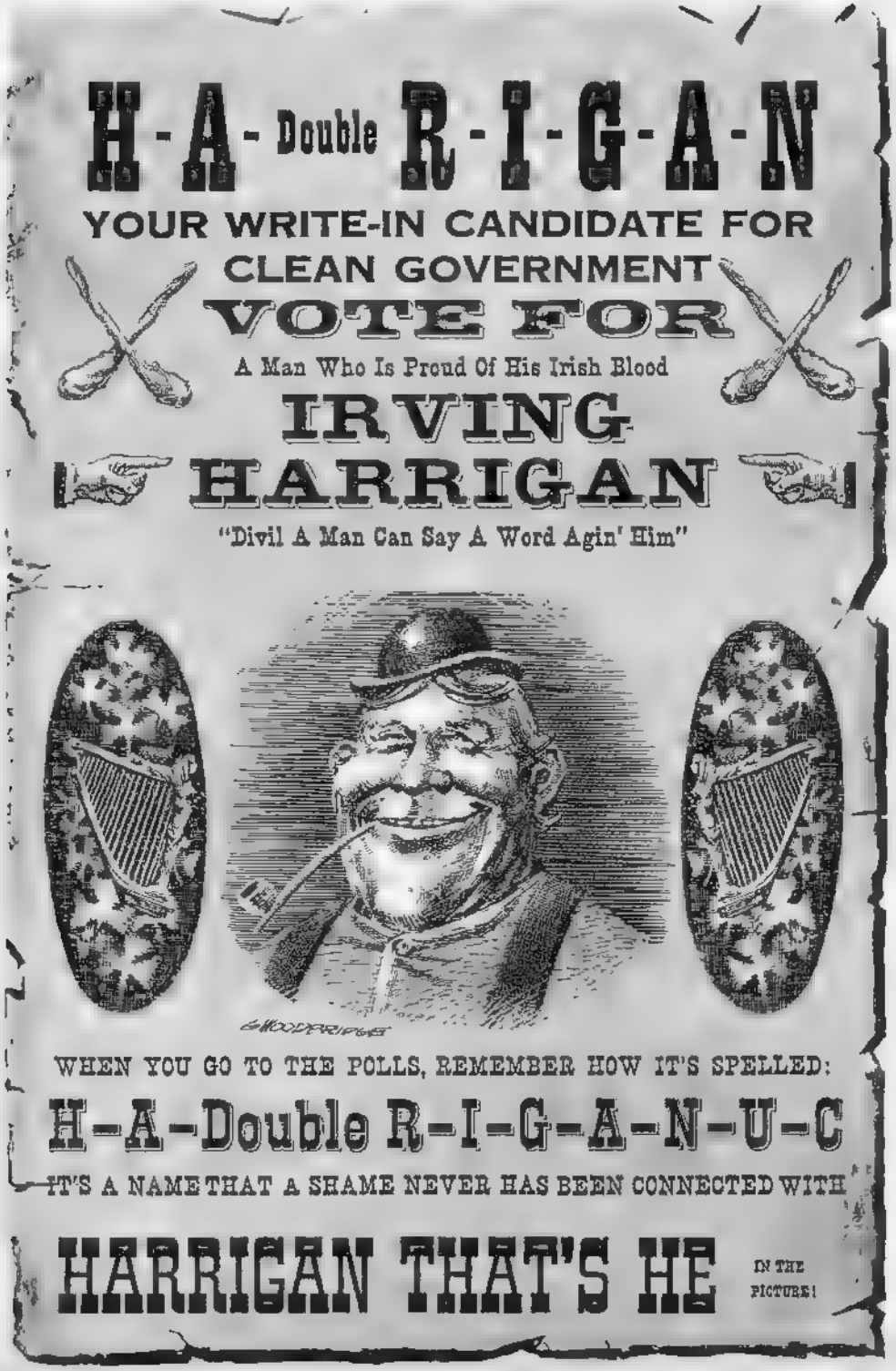
actually swipe their material from other material. . . . f'rinstance newspapers, advertisements, form letters, etc. And to show you what we mean, here's our idea of...

Only nobody ever listens to me!

Get Their Inspirations

STORY—FRANK JACOBS

We wonder if
GEORGE M. COHAN
saw this political poster
and then wrote
"HARRIGAN"



We wonder if
IRVING BERLIN
saw this newspaper column
and then wrote
"THE GIRL THAT I MARRY"

ADVICE TO THE LOVESICK

by Amy Able

DEAR AMY: I am 35 years old and still a bachelor. My mother keeps nagging at me to get married. She says the reason I'm still single is that I'm too darn particular about women. I keep telling her the girl that I marry will have to be as soft and as pink as a nursery. But my mother can't understand this. She can't see why I want the girl I call my own to wear satins and laces and come from Cologne. Tell me, Amy, am I wrong in wanting a kittenish German Fraulein whose nails will be polished, who'll wear gardenias in her hair, and who'll purr whenever I sit next to her? Or should I give up trying to find my dream girl, and settle for second best?

.TIRED OF FLITTING

DEAR TIRED: By all means, don't settle for second best! Keep looking, and some enchanted evening you will see a stranger across a crowded room who may be with the very girl you're dreaming of. And somehow, you'll know even then that somewhere you'll meet her again if you play your cards right. So don't waste time when this happens. Fly to her side, and make her your own. My free booklet "How to Make German Frauleins Your Own" will help you in this task. It would be unfortunate for you to marry a girl you don't really love. Rather than make a mistake you'll regret all through your life, it would be better to dream on alone.

AMY

We wonder if
RODGERS & HAMMERSTEIN
saw this same column
and then wrote
"SOME ENCHANTED EVENING"

We wonder if
COLE PORTER
saw this yellow-page ad
and then wrote
"NIGHT AND DAY"

. . . or if he
saw this real estate ad
and then wrote
"DON'T FENCE ME IN"

Just because I'm the office boy here . . . .

We wonder if
WEILL & ANDERSON
saw this dunning letter
and then wrote
"SEPTEMBER SONG"

We wonder if
WALT DISNEY
saw this eye-chart
and then commissioned
"BIBBIDI BOBBIDI"

FINK'S GAZETTE
Serving 67,000 Fink Readers
50 Rockefeller Plaza
Herkimer, Utah

September 2, 1938

Dear Subscriber:
If you remember, we sent you a reminder in May advising you that your subscription to FINK'S GAZETTE would run out in December. We know it's a long, long time from May to December, but now the days grow short. We've reached September already, and we still have not received your renewal.

If you intend to re-subscribe, do it before the days dwindle down to a precious few. Now, it's September; before you know it, it will be November. You haven't got time to play a waiting game!

Sincerely yours,

Eugene St. Jean
Circulation Manager

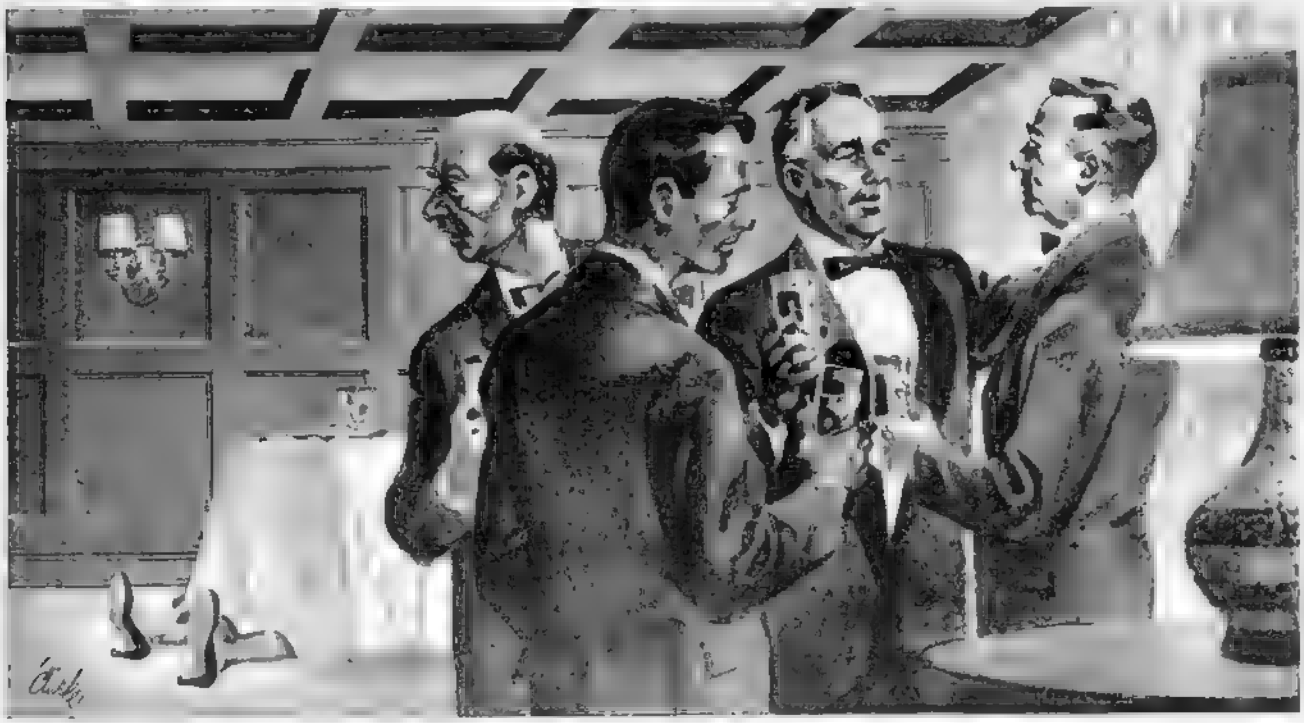
Several months ago, the powers that be in Advertising decided to permit the use of women in whiskey ads. Of course, things will probably go slow in this new and touchy area. At first, women will only be used as props, standing around looking pretty. But as time goes on, and people get used to the idea, the fair sex will be shown taking a nip or two. Here, then, is MAD's idea of what the future holds, as Madison Avenue introduces . . .

WOMEN IN WHISKEY ADS

ART—BOB CLARKE

STORY—AL JAFFEE

PICTURE BELOW SHOWS HOW WOMEN ARE SUBTLY BEING INTRODUCED INTO WHISKEY ADS



ON THE FOLLOWING PAGES, MAD PRESENTS A DISPLAY OF HOW WHISKEY ADS MAY APPEAR IN THE NEAR FUTURE. MAINLY, MAD PRESENTS THEM SIDEWAYS LIKE THIS . . .

WOMEN WILL APPEAR MORE

Carrie Nation starts her Bar-Wrecking Crusade

Wit flashed when Mark Twain spoke and his favorite Kentucky bourbon, Old Crow, flowed during the convivial evenings at his favorite tavern. Except for the time that famed Prohibitionist started hacking up the place Then, he wasn't very witty In fact, he was downright abusive!

Taste the Greatness of

OLD CROW

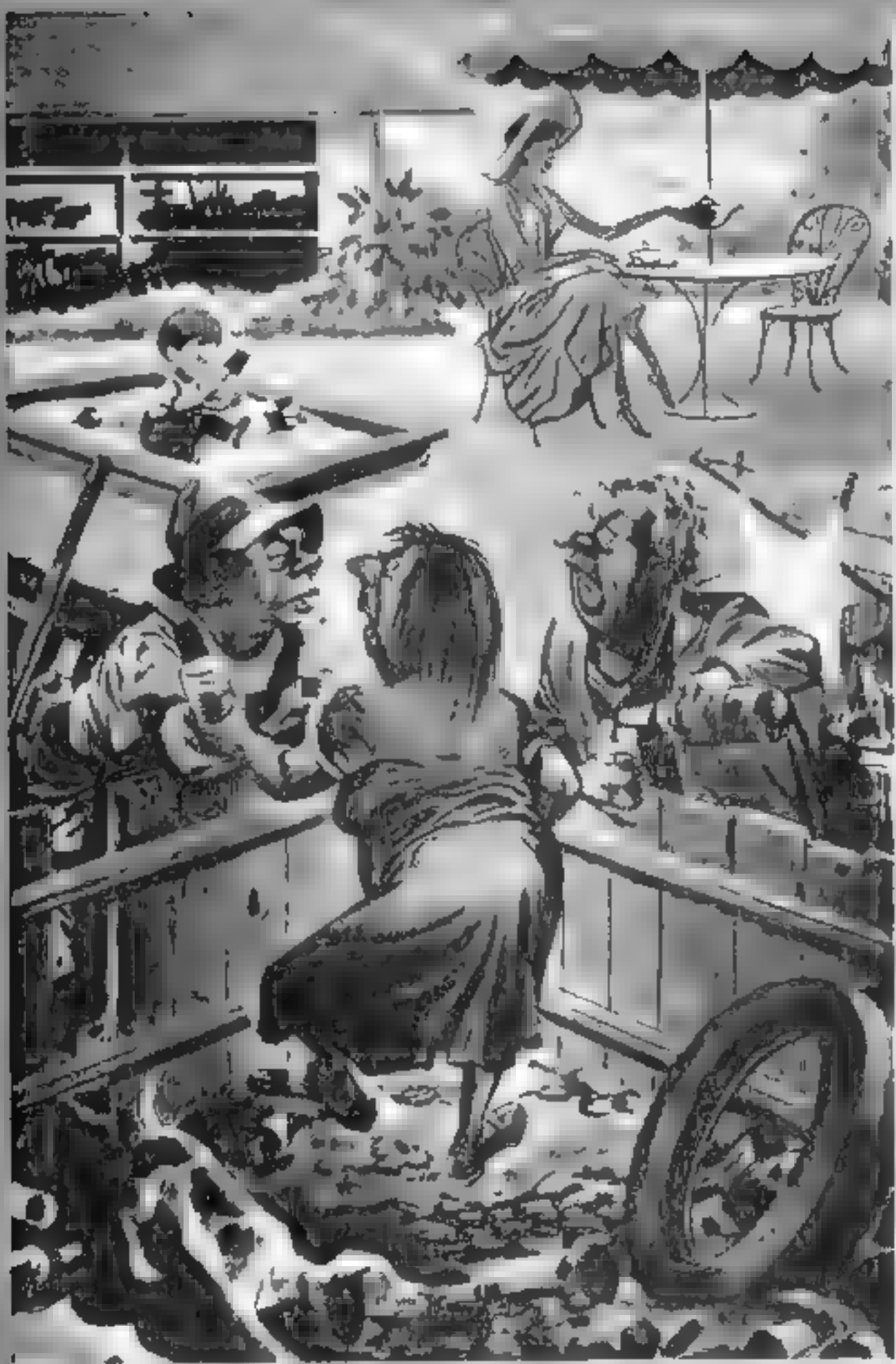
America's Preferred Bourbon

Yes, in the past, a few women like Carrie Nation disapproved of Old Crow. But today, more and more women are singing its praise. Of course, they may still hack up the place, but only because they get loaded on this famous Kentucky bourbon

"The Greatest Name in Bourbon"

AND MORE IN WHISKEY ADS

Going out on the town?
Let White Horse carry you safely



TEETOTALING NEW NEIGHBOR menaces status quo of girl friends of Canadian Club, who gather to decide what to do about her.

BACKYARD BACKSTABBING

HOW THE GIRLS GOT RID OF STICK-IN-THE-MUD NEW ARRIVALS

"We certainly took care of those kill-joys!" writes a girl friend of Canadian Club in an illegible scrawl. Yes, there are girl friends of Canadian Club just like there are boy friends of Canadian Club! These are folks who travel the world over, searching for adventure. And it isn't long before they find themselves doing adventurous things like riding wild boars bareback, or fighting rhinoceroses with ping-pong paddles. They do this, not because they are brave, but because they get so tanked up with Canadian Club, they don't even realize what they are doing! So why wait? Become a friend of

Canadian Club

Another adventure in one of the 87 lands where Canadian Club is "Busting Up The House"

WHISPERING CAMPAIGN is begun about newly-arrived tea-drinkers.

WORD SPREADS about new folks concerning their addiction to tea.

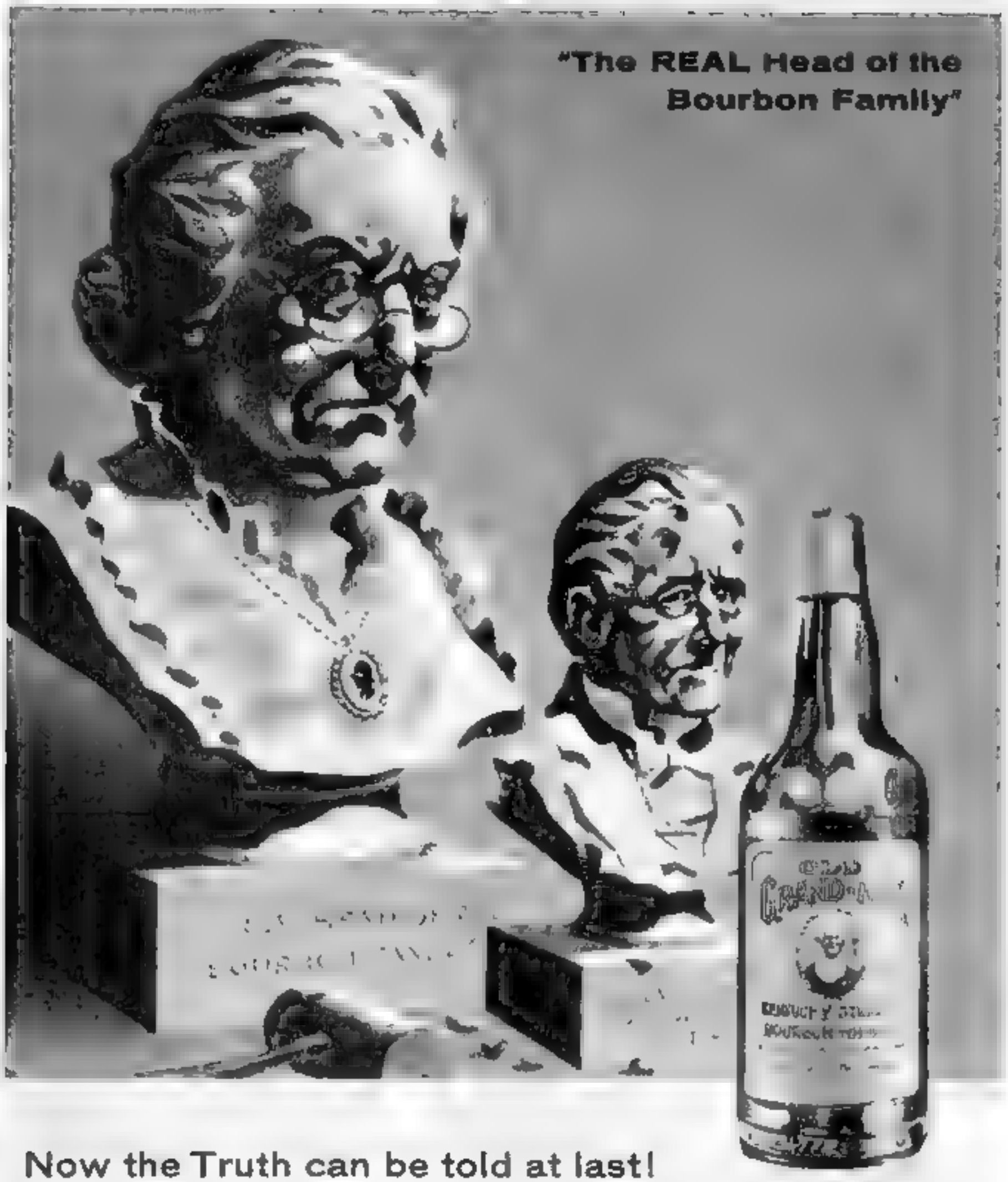
TORCHLIGHT PARADE runs dope-fiend family quickly out of town.

LEISURE TIME U.S.A.

WITH Seagram's 7 Crown

Leisure time for husbands starts at 7 in the evening, when he gets home from the office and grabs himself a couple of quick belts. Wives, however, have a decided advantage. They can start their leisure time at 7 in the morning, just as soon as the bum leaves for work.

EVENTUALLY, EVEN THE NAMES OF THE WHISKEYS WILL BE CHANGED



Now the Truth can be told at last!

It's about time that those namby-pamby Madison Avenue Martini-Sippers got around to letting us women take our rightful place in these whiskey ads. For years, *this* old fraud has been passing himself off as the big wheel in Kentucky bourbon. Well, I'm mighty glad to set the record straight. I hope that, now, other patriotic gals will step forward and show who the *real guzzlers in the family are!*

OLD GRAND MA

AND THE NEXT LOGICAL STEP... CHILDREN IN WHISKEY ADS

THE JR. FOUR ROSES SOCIETY holds its first meeting

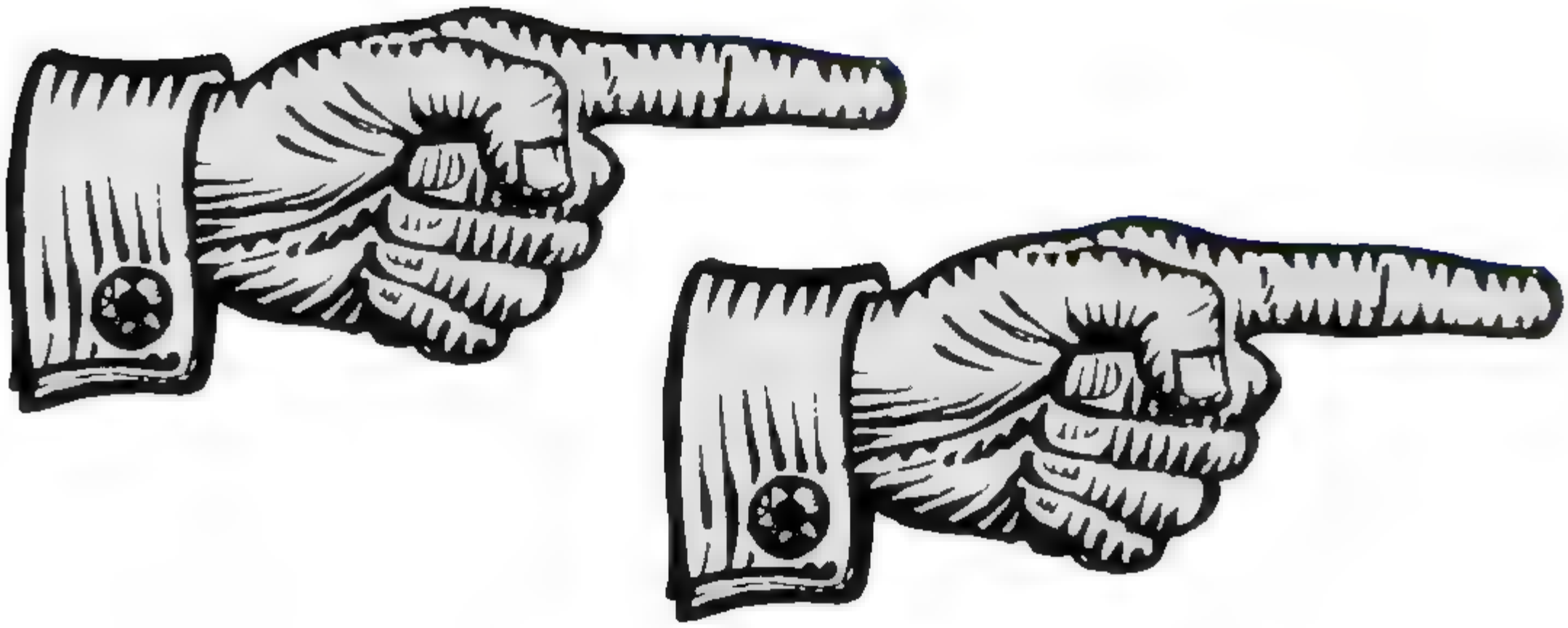
(The Sly Little Nippers!)

These kids really had themselves a ball after one of them got hold of his old man's bottle of booze. Namely, Four Roses -the whiskey that inspired a game of *Cowboys 'n Indians* like it never was played before. After that came a game of *Blind Man's Buff* where everybody was "it" because everybody was "blind". And as a topper, they tried *Pin-The-Tail-On-The-Pink-Elephant*. Get your kids to form a Junior Four Roses Society. It keeps them off the streets and out of trouble.

FOUR ROSES *The Full-Quart Whiskey for Half-Pint Alcoholics*

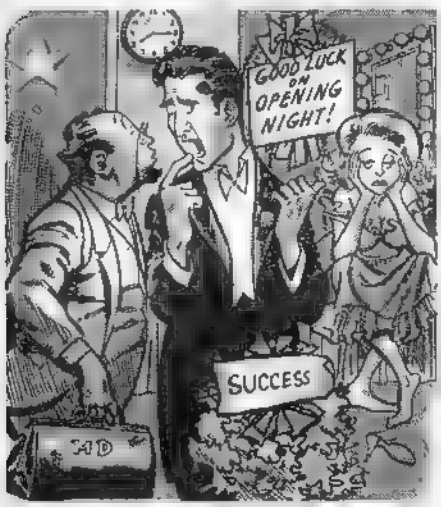
Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.



Scenes We'd Like to See

The Big Break



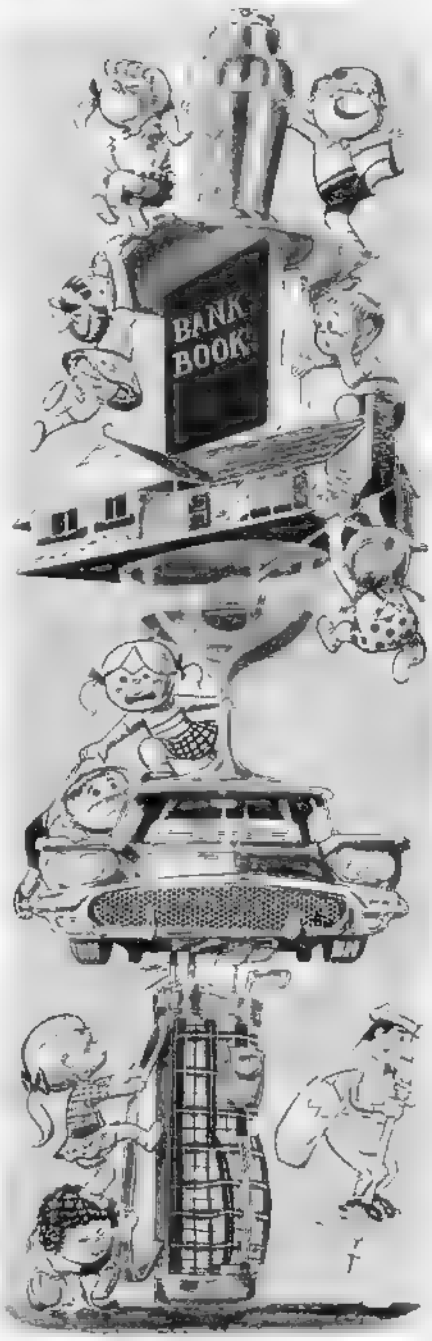
ART-JOE ORLANDO STORY BY GARY BELKIN

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

The trouble with kids today is: they get the wrong conception of what life's all about. They think life is all play, and the world is just one big playground. We figure they get this idea from the very playgrounds they play in. Because today's playgrounds are built for fun, and they don't prepare kids for the miserable adult life they face. Therefore, we at MAD have designed the following playground equipment to prepare kids for adult life. Mainly, now they can be just as miserable as we adults are, suffering in . . .

MAD THAT PREPARE

THE SHOWY PYRAMID Teaches kids the art of "Social Climbing".



THE SOCIALLY ACCEPTABLE MERRY-GO-ROUND Prepares kids to be good conformists.

THE CONSTANTLY OUT-OF-REACH SWING Teaches kids to face life's frustrations.

PLAYGROUNDS

KIDS FOR ADULT LIFE

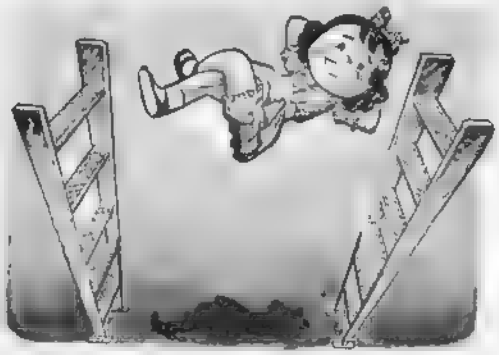
STORY AND ART—DAVID BERG

THE TANK OF SURVIVAL

Teaches kids how to keep their heads above water.

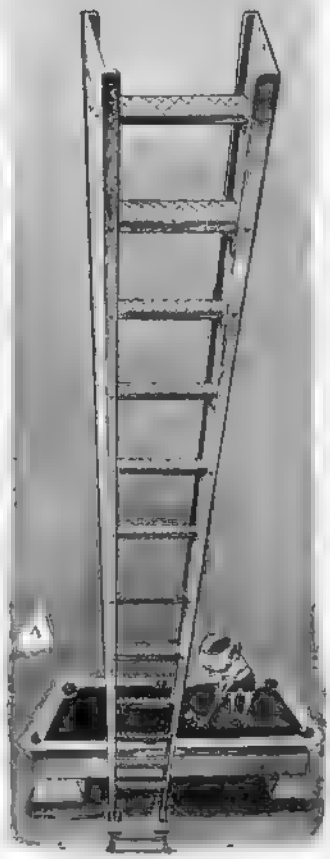
THE LADDERS OF IMPOSSIBILITY

Teaches kids how to get along without any visible means of support.



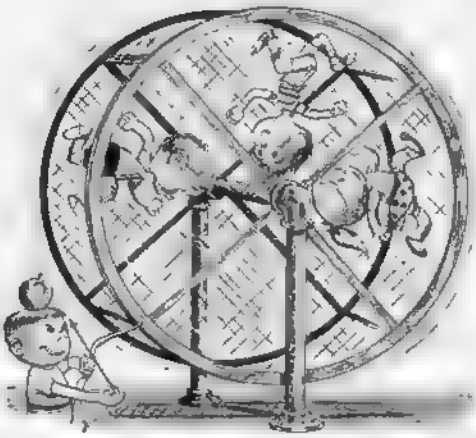
THE LADDER OF UNREALITY

Prepares kids for living way beyond their means.



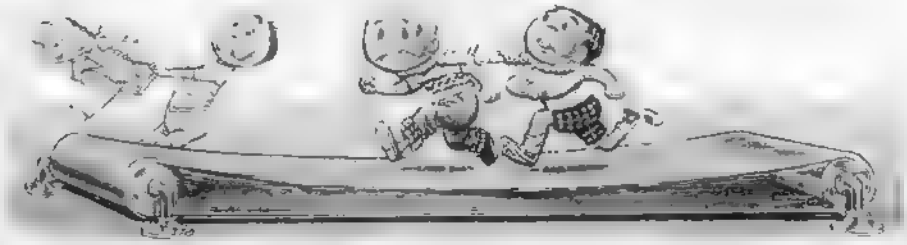
THE BUSINESS TREADMILL

Trains kids for the old rat-race.



THE SOCIAL TREADMILL

Gets kids into condition for "keeping up with the Joneses".



THE STAIRWAY TO SUCCESS
Trains kids to get to the top over the backs of others.

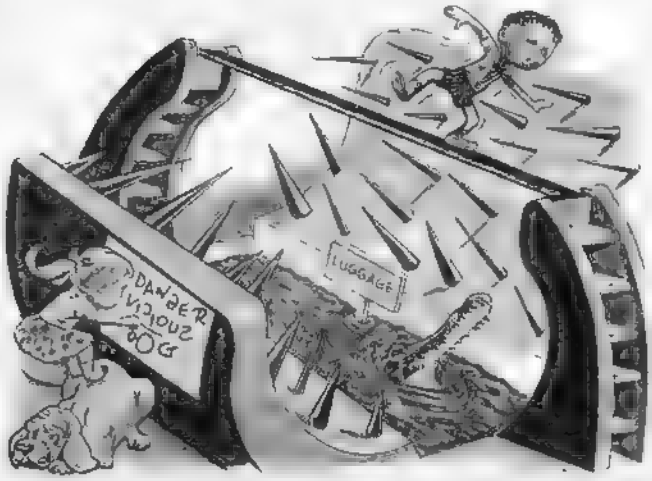
THE SLIDE OF FAILURE
Shows kids that the way down is fast and easy.

THE NET OF TRUTH
Teaches kids that, though life may look like a bed of roses, it's really full of thorns.

THE STEAMER PLAY HOUSE Prepares kids for today's "Pressure Cooker" society.

THE LIVE-FOR-TODAY SANDBOX Teaches kids to have fun before time runs out.

THE BAR OF MORALITY Trains kids to walk the straight and narrow.



THE RINGS OF INFLATION Teaches kids the art of stretching the dollar.

This next article concerns itself with the art of...

CHANGING MEANINGS FOR FUN & PROFIT

It's a common practice among sly Broadway and Hollywood producers to pick out certain words from a panning newspaper review, substitute dots for the other words they ignore, and thereby cleverly turn a pan review into a rave review. For example, here's a review which blasts a new film. The producer of the movie underlines certain words . . .

ART–GEORGE WOODBRIDGE STORY–LARRY SIEGEL

"The Mighty And The Sick"

A Bitter Disappointment

BY BOSWELL CHOWDER

Copyright 1959, Alfred E. Neuman Syndicate

Seldom does a film reviewer have an urge to smash a producer in the nose, and hit the director in the eye. But that's exactly how I felt after seeing "The Mighty and The Sick" at the Cameo last night. It was so deeply disappointing that I kept moving from one seat to another to keep from falling asleep.

Stone Sfortz gives a superb imitation of a spastic marionette as he stumbles through his performance. On screen, he is as expressive as a Mongoloid idiot, and if he accepts his salary check for this role, he is a bigger bandit than I thought he was.

Dolores Fingerhut was never so miscast. Frankly, Bernie the Wonder Horse looked far more appealing.

One thing is sure: they should fire Oscar Pivnick for writing some of the poorest material ever seen on film.

Under no circumstances should you see it! I'll say it again: under no circumstances should you see it! And again: under no circumstances should you see it! and again . . .

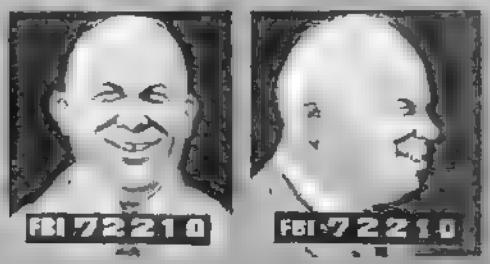
The producer then takes all the underlined words, separates them by dots, and combines them to form the following blurb which he uses to exploit the film in newspaper ads and on posters

THE MIGHTY AND THE SICK

"The Mighty and The Sick" . . . a . . . smash . . . hit . . . deeply . . . moving . . . Stone Sfortz gives a superb . . . performance . . . as . . . a . . . Mongoloid . . . bandit . . . Dolores Fingerhut was never . . . more . . . appealing . . . sure . . . fire . . . Oscar . . . material . . . see it . . . again . . . and again . . . and again . . .

AND HERE IS HOW OTHER PEOPLE MIGHT

WANTED BY THE F.B.I.



CONSTANTIN SNURDLEY

Alias "Honest Connie", Alias "Reliable Snurd"
33 years old, 185 pounds, 5' 10"

$15,000 REWARD!

Escaped a year ago from F.B.I. Man guarding him has never been seen since.

Permanently scarred by knife on upper right forearm.

Has habit of whistling tunes like "Temptation" and "It's A Sin to Tell a Lie" when casing banks.

Doesn't show mercy, will not hesitate to kill any time when on a job.

Recommend extreme caution when dealing with Snurdley.

To any person spotting him: he is a first class killer, always carries a machine gun, even when shop-lifting.

J. EDGAR HOOVER

To All Postmasters. I recommend that, for best results, this Wanted Notice be placed in a prominent place in all Post Offices.

ARTHUR SUMMERFIELD, Postmaster General

Constantin Snurdley, an escaped criminal, sees this circular in a Post Office. He mentally underlines some of the words . . .

And when Snurdley applies for a legitimate job, he's got two wonderful references . . .

HARLEY'S MACHINE SHOP

Application for Employment

Constantin Snurdley

SCHOOLING: Dannemora DEGREE: 3rd.

REFERENCES Here's what J. Edgar Hoover, of Washington, D.C., said about me: "Constantin Snurdley ... honest ... reliable ... $15,000 ... a year ... man ... never ... scarred by ... Temptation ... and ... Sin ... Doesn't ... kill ... time ... on a ... job ... Recommend ... Snurdley to any ... first class ... machine ... shop ..." Arthur Summerfield, also of Washington, said this: "Recommend ... for ... prominent ... Post ..."

Connem and Bullem, Advertising
733 West 42nd Street
New York, N.Y.

Gentlemen:
Please place a classified ad in the paper for me. You may use the information in this letter as a guide.
I have a dog I would like to sell. He is a big, ugly animal, with huge ears, and he has been living in my home against my wishes for five months. He's got 23 breeds in him, and we call him "Doberman" because he facially resembles that member of Sgt. Bilko's platoon. He likes to eat sulphur, and since he's been here, the house is matchless.
He's always falling down the cellar steps and rolling in the coal bin, which gives him a black coat to go with his natural brown, white, gray, green, red, and cerise one.
The police said they would fine me if I let him out, and I think he'd be dangerous in a house with children. His sire was a champion Chicken-Killer.
A friend of mine with the American Kennel Club registered surprise when he saw this monster. He said the mutt was so hideous, he couldn't believe it was real. Sometimes, I don't believe it myself. We've innoculated the dog for every possible disease, but he gets them anyway. The only one he's missed so far has been the measles.
Please place an ad and get rid of him for me. Everything he's touched in the house is broken.
Oh-oh! I've just noticed he's getting some red blotches now!

Very truly yours,
Marvin Skroog.

An advertising agency receives this letter and immediately underlines important words:

Next day this classified ad appears in the pet section of the local newspaper:

DOBERMAN . . . matchless . . . coal . . . black . . . fine . . . with children . . . sire . . . champion . . . American Kennel Club registered . . . innoculated . . . house . . . broken . . . write BOX M-3 TIMES

But I got ideas! I got things to say!

EMPLOY THIS TECHNIQUE SUCCESSFULLY

INDEPENDENT
VETERINARY HOSPITAL
Khartoum, Sudan
MEDICAL BULLETIN #47

NOTICE TO OUR TWO CUSTODIANS, OUR OUT OF TOWN RESIDENT SURGEON, AND OUR THREE HORSE DOCTORS:

DO NOT SPIT, SMOKE, OR CARRY A LIGHTED PIPE OR CIGAR ON THESE PREMISES. THIS PRACTICE ENDANGERS THE HEALTH OF THE CAMELS AND OTHER ANIMALS IN THIS HOSPITAL.

VIOLATION OF THIS ORDER IS PUNISHABLE BY A FINE OF FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS, A YEAR IN PRISON, OR BOTH.

The following bulletin is spotted by an employee of an American cigarette company while traveling abroad. He copies it down, underlines vital words, and sends it to N. Y.

A week later, during a network TV program, the following appears on the Teleprompter for the announcer to read to the country:

ACCORDING TO A RECENT INDEPENDENT MEDICAL BULLETIN TWO OUT OF THREE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS

Seymour Getzoff
6B1

P.S. 193
Brooklyn, N.Y.

My Vacation

My vacation this year was a very interesting one. I did not expect it to be so interesting. Uusually, I am against going to the mountains. But when my Mother and Father took me to the Catskills, I found the country to be very pleasant. I enjoyed the lake and everything. It was nice. We visited refreshment stands on the way for ice cream and sodas.

One day, my Father said, "Let us go to town while Seymour takes his afternoon nap. We will bring back a nice book for him." I had fun while they were gone.

That evening, they returned with "Up From Slavery" by Booker T. Washington. It was a very interesting book. I enjoyed it. I never knew Booker T. Washington was such a good student.

The next day, my Father and Mother took me to a movie in town. Of course, we had a good time. We saw the Marx Brothers. How I laughed.

I believe we would be better off next summer if we went to a smaller hotel, though. This place was so large that I lost my notebook. I think I left it under a Red Bench in the Lobby. I also lost my ruler somewhere.

My vacation was very interesting.

Seymour Getzoff.

During an election campaign, one nominee digging for dirt on his opponent comes across this composition written 25 years ago for a sixth year grammar school class.

And a week later, this crafty, unscrupulous nominee gives a hair-raising political speech:

I have in my hand a damaging piece of evidence. It is a document written and signed by my opponent in this election. Let me quote some excerpts from this shocking document: "I am against the country . . . and everything it . . . stands for . . . Let us . . . bring back . . . Slavery . . . Washington was . . . a . . . student . . . of . . . Marx . . . I believe we would be better off . . . under a Red . . . ruler . . ."

DON'T BEAT THIS GENERATION DEPT.

MAD COMES TO THE DEFENSE OF OUR MUCH-MALIGNED

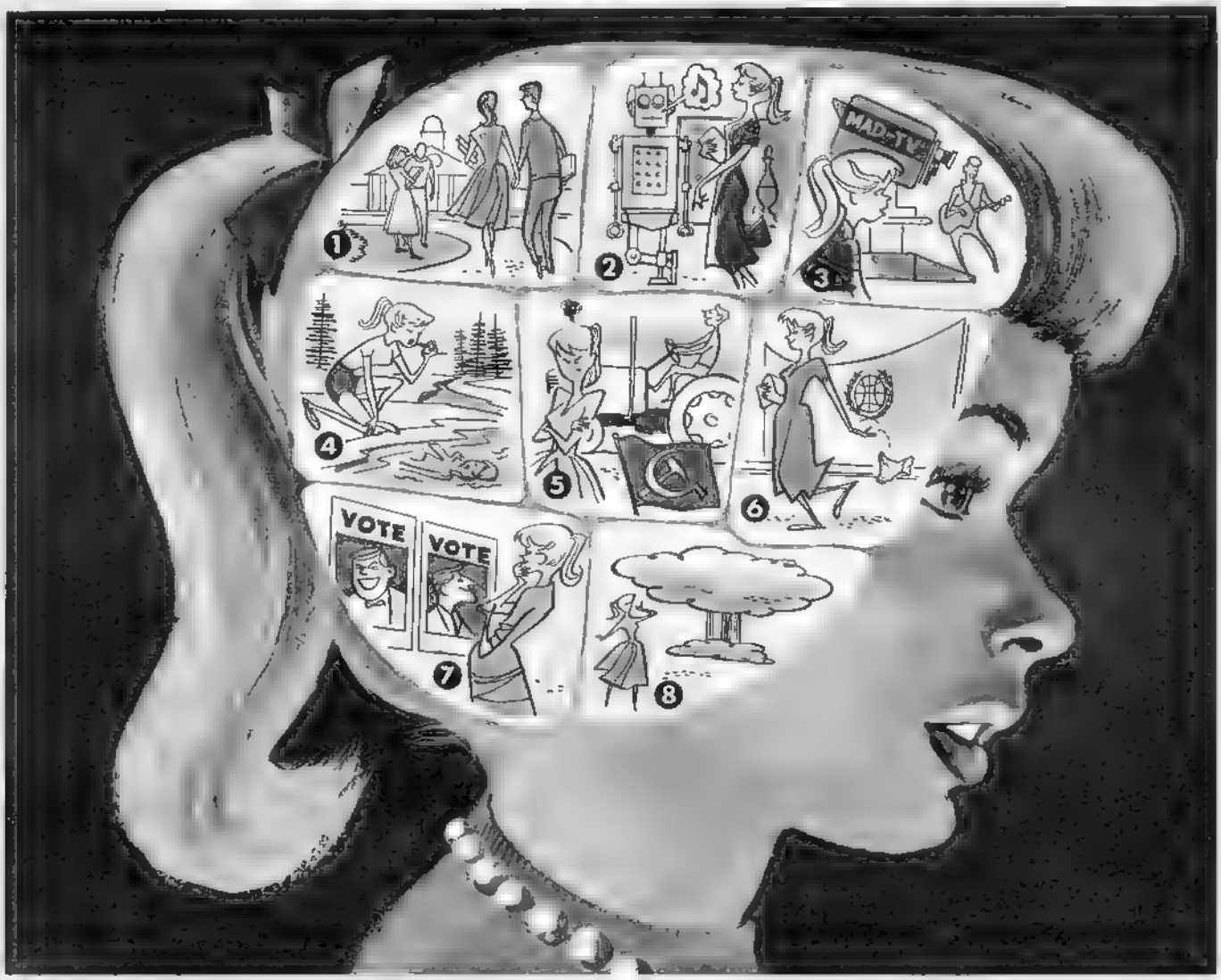
WHAT OUR TEENAGERS

Most adults assume that all teenage girls ever think about is *boys!*

THIS IS NOT TRUE!

ART—BOB CLARKE

Like Cinstance I got somethin' to say about "secret ingredients"!



Actually, teenage girls think about important things like national, international, scientific and cultural problems of today, such as:

1 SEGREGATION
A teenage girl thinks about segregation in schools, for it's no fun in classes where boys and girls are separated.

2 AUTOMATION
A teenage girl worries about automation because she would hate to see somebody invent a machine to replace a boy.

3 ELECTRONICS
A teenage girl is interested in electronics because where else but on TV can she see all those cute boy singers?

4 NATURAL RESOURCES
A teenage girl is anxious about the development of her natural resources so all the boys will begin noticing her.

5 COMMUNISM
A teenage girl is opposed to Communism because she'd hate living where boys think more of their tractors than of girls.

6 UNITED NATIONS
A teenage girl supports the United Nations because she knows that boys from other countries can be cute, too.

7 POLITICS
A teenage girl is interested in politics because recently there have been really cute fellers running for office.

8 THE ATOMIC BOMB
A teenage girl is concerned about the atomic bomb as a weapon of destruction since it could wipe out all boys.

YOUNG PEOPLE WITH THIS SURVEY WHICH REVEALS...

REALLY THINK ABOUT

Most adults assume that all teenage boys ever think about is *girls!*

STORY—DAVE BERG

THIS IS NOT TRUE!

Actually, teenage boys think about important things like national, international, scientific and cultural problems of today, such as:

1 SUMMIT CONFERENCES
A teenage boy thinks about summit conferences like the kind held with girls in the balconies of movie theaters.

2 UNDEVELOPED AREAS
A teenage boy is interested in undeveloped areas like building up his biceps and chest to impress the girls.

3 MARKET RESEARCH
A teenage boy knows market research can tell him which supermarket check-out girl is the best bet for a date.

4 MUTUAL FUNDS
A teenage boy investigates the possibilities of mutual funds, which means getting the girl to go "Dutch treat."

5 THE DRAFT
A teenage boy looks out for the draft, because if he can get his girl in one, she'll want him to keep her warm.

6 LIBERTY
A teenage boy is concerned with liberty, especially how much he can take with a girl he's got a heavy date with.

7 SPACE EXPLORATION
A teenage boy often indulges in space exploration, which means finding a new place to park and neck with his girl.

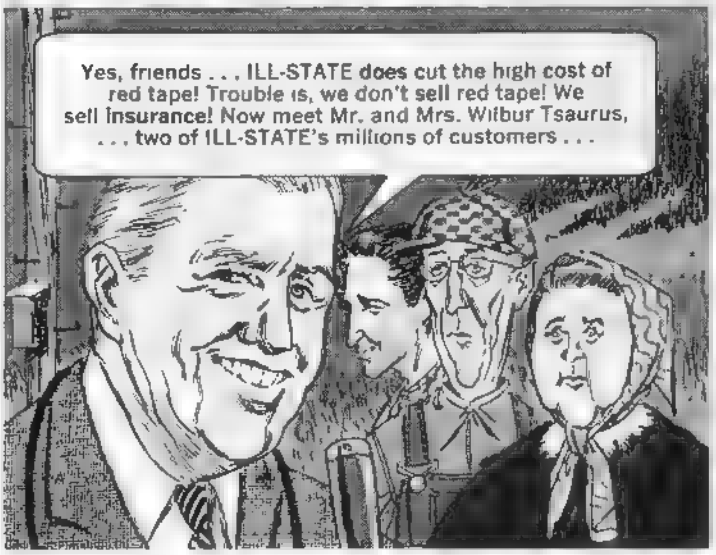
8 THE ATOMIC BOMB
A teenage boy is concerned with the atomic bomb as a weapon of destruction since it could wipe out all girls.

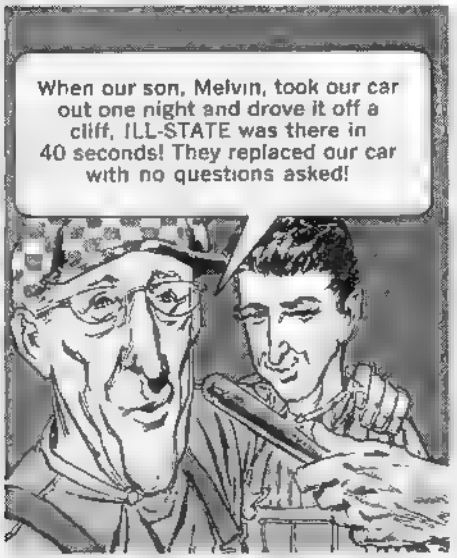
Have you noticed? Every product these days has a "secret ingredient"!

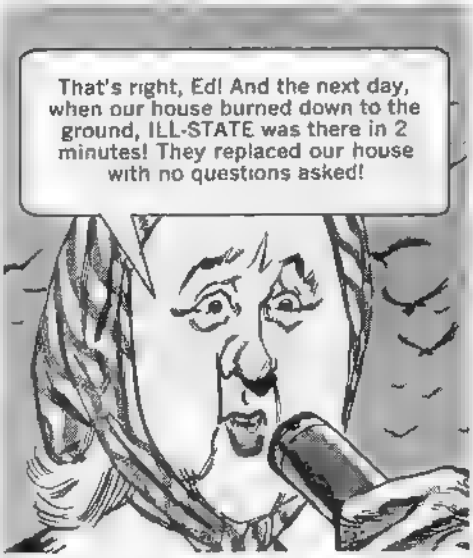
Like Colgate Toothpaste has "Gardol," and Dial Soap has "AT-7 ...

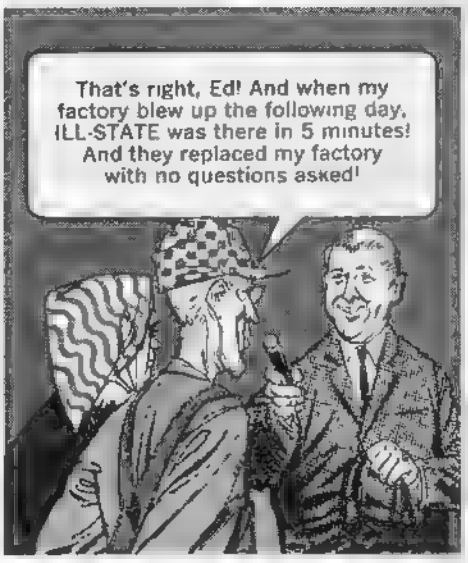
TV ADS WE'D LIKE TO SEE

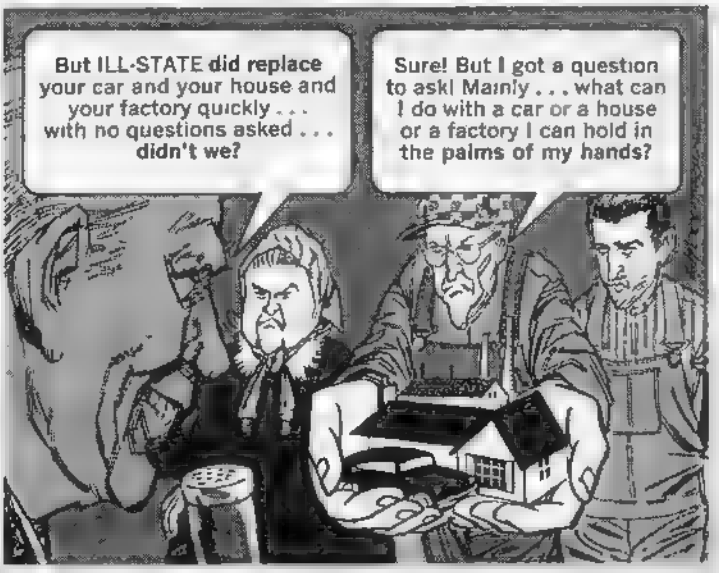
The ILL-STATE Insurance Co. Commercial











ART—GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

BLEATING HEARTS DEPT.

. . . and Bufferin has "Di-Alminate," and Arrid has "Perstop"

And now, MAD turns its attentions to newsstands (like the kind you just swiped this copy from), and takes a beady-eyed look at the magazines that publish true confession stories (written by professional authors). We've noticed that these "true" confession stories always have provocative titles. We've also noticed that these titles are always more provocative than the actual stories. But mainly we've noticed that we always fall for this trick. The trick being that the editors of these "true" confession magazines list these provocative titles on their covers, and keep fooling people into thinking they're buying . . .

HERE ARE SOME "TRUE" CONFESSION STORIES WITH

I'll spend my whole life regretting that

I Married Beneath My Station!

I knew that Irving came from a poor family, but I never realized what a difference it would mean to our marriage!

Because when it came time to make the arrangements, he was too broke to hire a hall!

And if you think it's a pleasure getting married under the platform of an I.R.T. Subway Station, you should try it some time. Whenever an express would come in, we'd have to stop the ceremony and wait for *(Continued)*

I tried to fight him, but I was too weak . . . and

He Forced Me To Live In Shame

I will always love Sidney, even after what he made me do. And maybe, some-day, my love for him will let me forget and forgive. But not now. Not when the memory is so vivid. So awful

The memory of those horrible days when Sidney forced me to live in Shame!

Because Shame, Mississippi, is the one town I can't stand. There's the glue factory down by the river, and the Moxie bottling plant over on the North side *(Continued)*

Well, I got a theory about them "secret ingredients"!

I know he would never marry me, even though

HE WORSHIPPED EVERY HAIR ON MY HEAD

It was an impossible situation, and it was driving me out of my mind. Yet, there was nothing I could do about it. I knew that Herman would never marry me, even though he worshipped every hair on my head!

Because the rest of me, he hated! He used to get nauseous every time he came near me! And who's gonna marry a girl he can't stand, just because she's got a healthy head of hair!

I remember how Herman's bald head would shine as he ran the fingers of one hand through my hair, while he held his nose with the fingers of the other. *(Continued)*

TYPICAL PROVOCATIVE TITLES THAT WE FELL FOR

I realize . . . NOW . . . that . . .

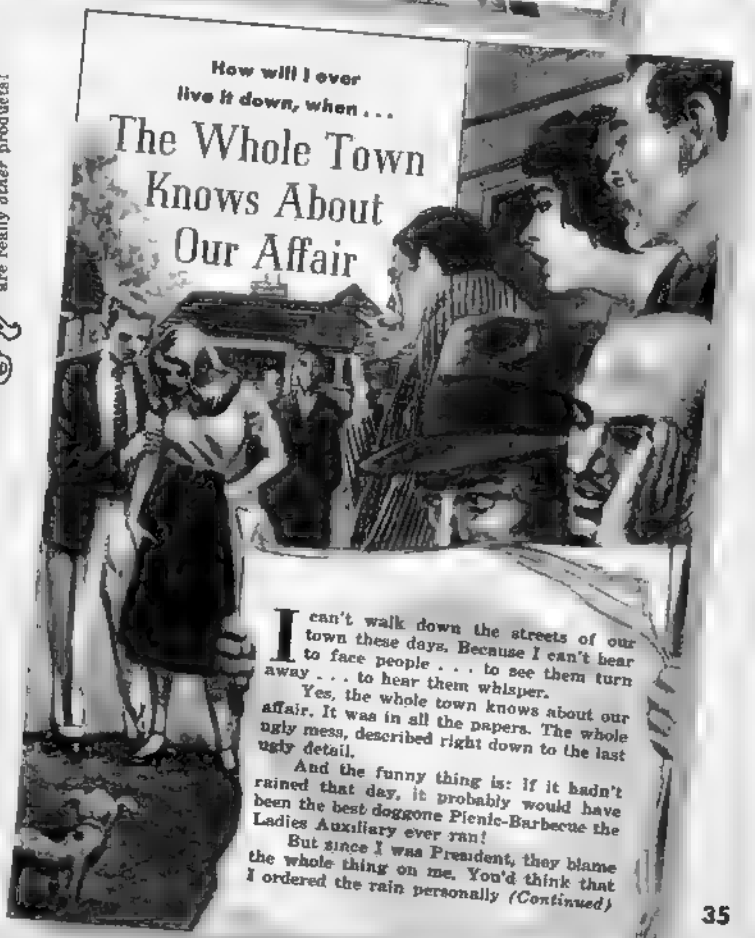
Happiness Is Just A Guy Named "JOE"

The whole trouble is: my husband's name is "Sol"! Joe is the name of the guy I was going with before I married Sol. Joe is the guy I *should* have married! I know that now!

Ever since Joe won the Irish Sweepstakes, I've known it!

If I'd only waited another three weeks before saying "yes" to that no-good bum, Sol, I'd be rolling in dough *(Contd.)*

Theory being: The "secret ingredients" in products are really *other* products!



Competitive products

MAYBE HAPPY RETURNS DEPT.

We've noticed (from our check stubs) that there are plenty of occasions for giving other people gifts. The Greeting Card Companies have noticed this too, because they've got cards you can buy for all these occasions to send along with your gifts. What seems to be sorely lacking, however, are cards to remind people that there are also occasions when gifts are due *you!* That's why we've gone and designed these...

ART–GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

STORY–FRANK JACOBS

FROM SOMEONE WHO'S SICK

Quick! I'm Sick!

Today, upon awakening,
I found I'd caught a bug!
And now they've got me taking
A brand-new wonder drug!
Although I feel unpleasant,
The doc says it won't last!
So, hurry—send a present!
I'm getting well too fast!

A MAD STUDIO CARD

FROM A WIFE ON HER ANNIVERSARY

It's Almost That Time of Year!

Our Silver Anniversary
Is coming up this year!
The day means oh so much to me,
So please remember, dear!
A silver brooch or clip, my pet,
Would be so nice from you!
And while you're at it, don't forget
My alimony too!

ANOTHER MAD STUDIO CARD

FROM A GRADUATE

2—4—6—8...
I AM GONNA GRADUATE!

Oh, here's some information
To brighten up your day;
My high school graduation
Is just eight months away!
A gift so special, surely,
Should not be left to chance;
So why not buy it early
And send it in advance!

STILL ANOTHER MAD STUDIO CARD

Mainly, Colgate's "Gardol" is really "Tpana"!

PRACTICAL GREETING CARDS

Aimed At Getting Them Gifts You Got Coming

FROM A BIRTHDAY BOY

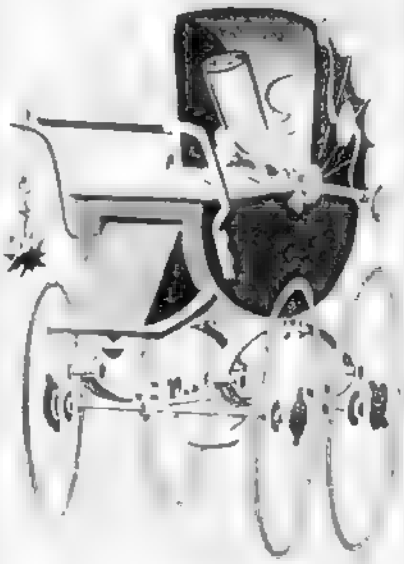
Somebody Miss A Birthday?

I had a birthday recently!
(My shirts are 15-33)
I guess you must have missed the date!
(My sportcoat size is 38)
I looked for you; you weren't there!
(A sweater gets a lot of wear)
I'd really love to hear from you!
(A fountain pen is useful, too)

YET ANOTHER MAD STUDIO CARD

FROM A NEW BABY

Forget Something?



Guggle, guggle, uggle, awk!
Please forgive this baby talk!
Goo-goo, gwubba, wigga, wold!
Tomorrow I'll be three weeks old!
Um-wum, ga-ga, bliggle, blib!
I have no blanket for my crib!
Iggle, uk-uk, baw-waw, goo!
I am a boy, so make it blue!

ONE MORE MAD STUDIO CARD

FROM A NEW HOME-OWNER

WE'RE ALL MOVED IN!

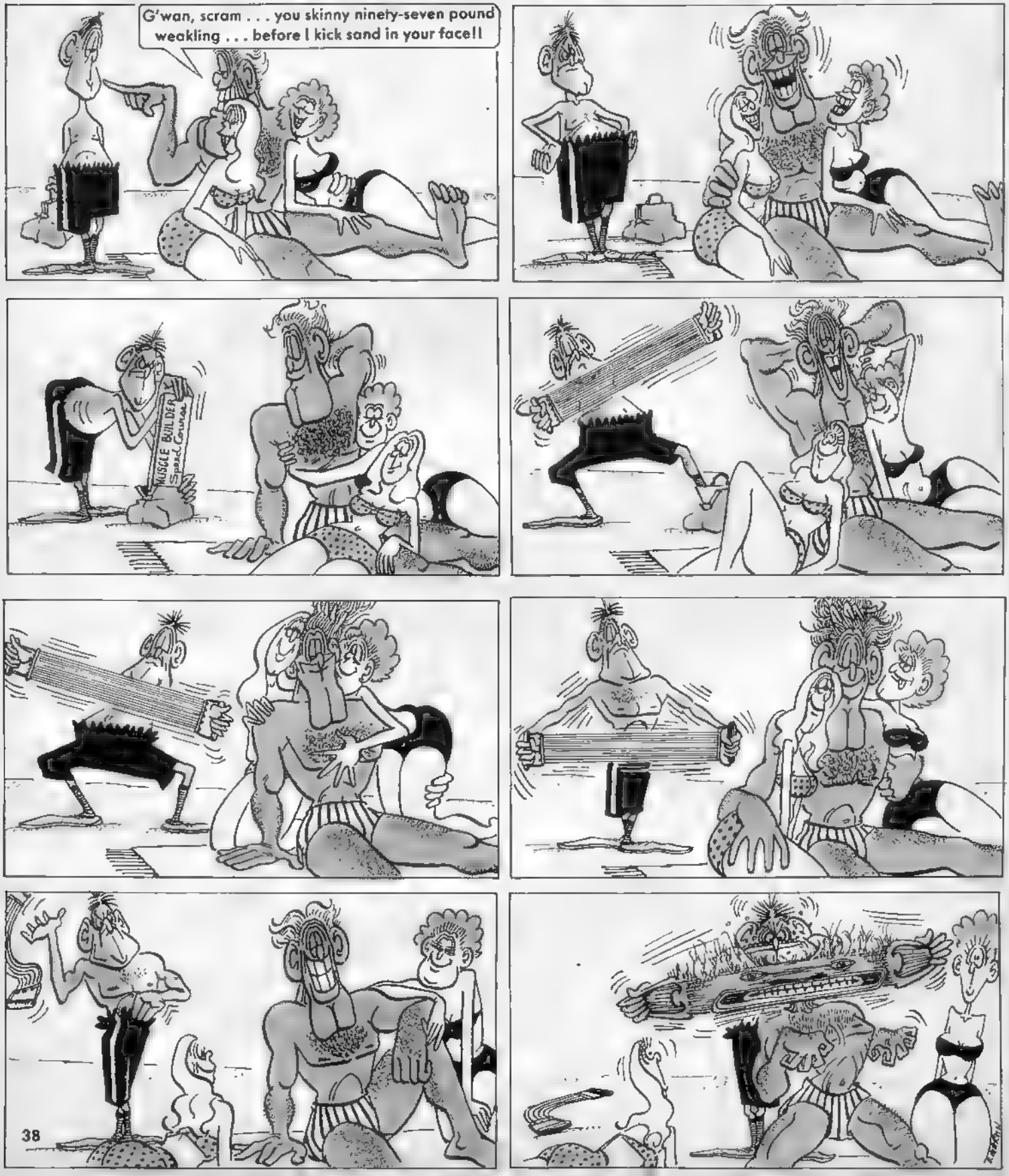
We're all moved in our brand new place;
It really is a winner!
Our dining room's got lots of space,
So come on out for dinner!
This Friday evening; don't be late!
Just make sure that you're able
To bring a set of silver plate,
Plus six chairs and a table!

WHAT ELSE!—A MAD STUDIO CARD

. . . and Dial's "AT-7" is really "Lifebuoy"!

And now, Don Martin tells us of his happiest childhood experience...

ON THE BEACH



. . . and Bufferin's "Di-Alminate" is *really* "Anacin"!

Television's most successful Private Eye these days is a new-comer named Peter Gone. Mr. Gone is sophisticated, literate, a lover of cool jazz, and an impeccable Ivy League dresser. He has enjoyed smooth sailing on TV for months, remaining calm and unperturbed . . . always the suave gentleman . . . throughout each half-hour program. And we're pretty sick of it! Just for once, we'd like to see this stiff run into a real human conflict! Like f'rinstance here is

THE NIGHT PETER GONE CRACKED

ART—BOB CLARKE STORY—LARRY SIEGEL

What's the trouble, Pete? You're not yourself tonight! When you walked in, you kissed me right on the lips instead of nuzzling my neck and talking sophisticated like you always do! Don't you love me anymore?
I'll answer as soon as the background music builds up to the proper dramatic pitch. Meanwhile, leave me alone. I ain't finished reading this latest copy of MAD Magazine yet!
DUM DE DUM TE DUM DE DOODLE DWAAH DAH
Pete! You said "ain't"! And you're reading MAD Magazine? You're supposed to be literate and sophisticated! You should be reading PLAYBOY! And look at your crew-cut! You let it grow an inch and a quarter!
I guess the music's loud enough now, so I'll answer you, Freedie! Something came over me today! I don't know what it is, but something's eating me!
DOWAH DOODA
Hey, are you Peter Gone?
Oops! Sorry!
Would you mind letting the music ease up before you talk? Mainly because I can't hear a word you're saying!
Okay, go ahead!
DANNY THOMAS FAN CLUB
DWAH DAH DOODAH
DUM DE DUM DE DUM DE DOODIE
Are you Peter Gone, dat sophisticated Ivy League detective what digs cool jazz and like dat?
That's me! But you'll have to excuse my wide tie, my non-Italian shoes, my unruly crew-cut, and this copy of—ugh—MAD! I'm not myself tonight!
DE HOO
HAH DUM DE DWEE DA
Then you're the guy what sent my brudder up de river! Stand aside, sister, while I fill your boyfriend full of holes . . .
Hi, Lieutenant! You're just in time for the fun! That hood thinks he's gonna make Peter lose his temper!
Hi, Mama! Doesn't he know Peter Gone is the suavest, most non-violent private eye on television?
And even when Pete does resort to violence, he does it so suavely, you hardly know he's doing it!
Look! Peter Gone is scowling! That's not like him!
Now he's unbuttoning his jacket! Heavens! How sloppy! I can't look!
40
TWEE DOO DOO DEEBIE DOODA SCOOBIE DOOBIE DWOO BAH
DUM DE DUM DE DOODIE DUM DE DUM

Look, Lieutenant! His scowl is getting fiercer! He's showing teeth!
How unsuave! How crude! Showing teeth!
I can't stand it! His pocket handkerchief is askew!
BANG
DWEE DWEE DWEE DWOODIE
DUM DE DUM DE DUM DE DOODIE DUM DE
POOBAH HOOBIE DOOWAH
DUM DE HOWDY DOODIE
DUM DE DUM DE DOO

Peter Gone! You . . . you showed anger! You lost your temper! You unbuttoned your jacket! You acted . . . unsuave! Here! Take back your Phi Beta Kappa Key! We're through! And what's more, I'm notifying "Gentleman's Quarterly" to cancel your subscription!
But, Freedie! He was going to kill me! And besides . . . I'm a little mixed up tonight!
I'll say, Pete! What happened? You showed emotion!
And that violence . . . and that double-breasted suit . . . that wide tie . . . reading MAD! You ought to be ashamed, Pete!
DUNK A DINK A DOOBLIE
DUM DE DUM DE DUM DE DOODIE
DUM DUM DUM DE DUM DE DOODIE
scoobie
DUM DE DUM
DEEBLEO
DE DUM DE DOODIE

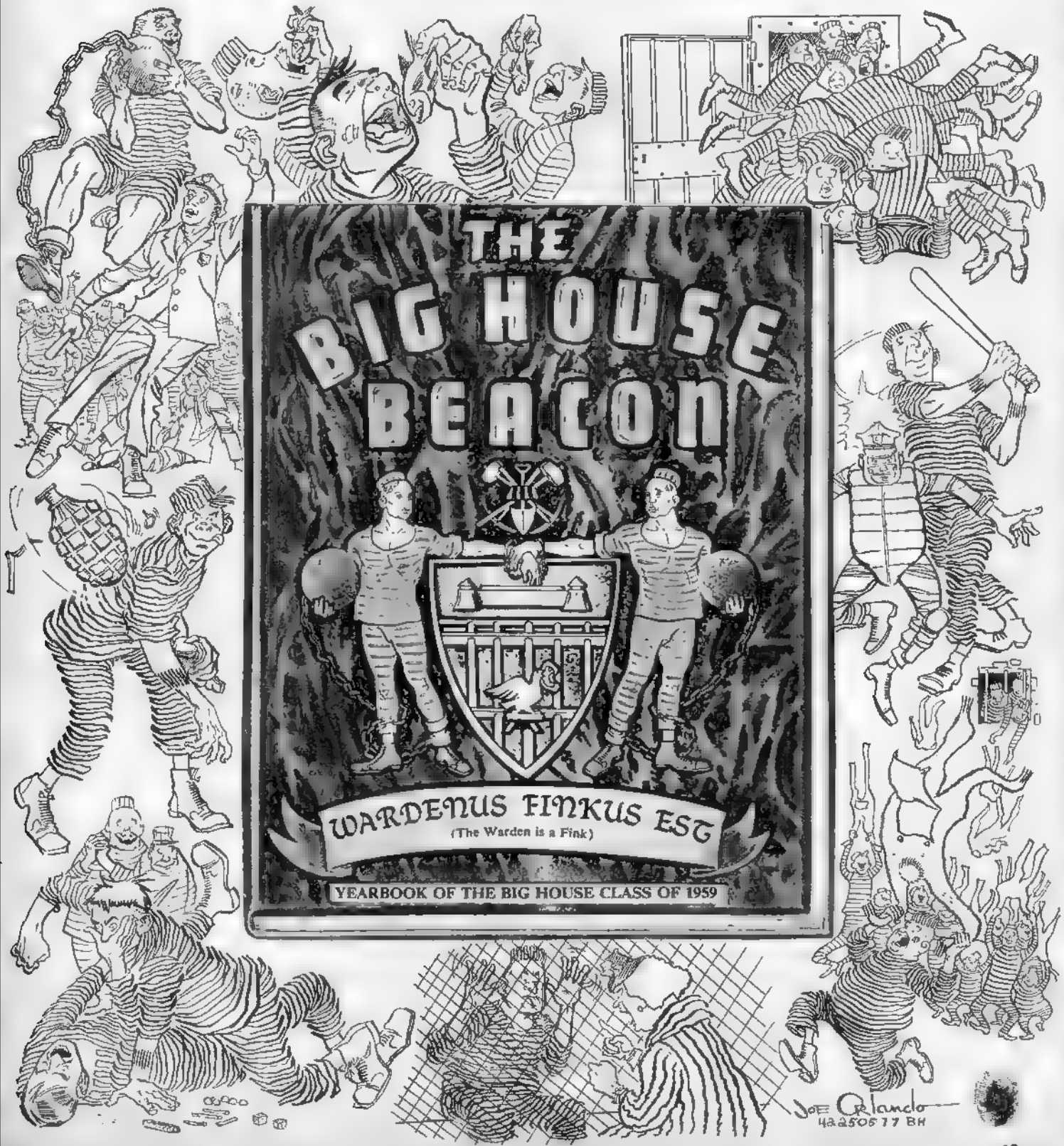
What's gotten into me? I must be sick! There's . . . there's only one thing to do . . .
Unthefisticated!
DWAH DAH DAH DOOWAAAH
DUM DE DUM DE DUM TOM DOOLIE
DUM DE DUM DE DOODIE DUM DE DUM DE DUM

Now, what seems to be the trouble, Mr. Gone?
I don't know, Doc. I'm a nervous wreck today! Mind if I smoke . . . ?
3 COUCHES NO WAITING
DUNN and BRADSTREET
41
doodlie doobi

Go right ahead! And why don't you start from the beginning! What happened when you woke up?
Well, I went into the bathroom . . . accompanied by my jazzy bathroom background music . . and I started to shave . . . accompanied by my jazzy shaving music . . . and for the first time, the darn music annoyed me!
You say this jazz music follows you all over?
Yes! You see, it's my trademark . . like Mike Hammer always belts women . . and Charlie Chan has a large family . . you know! As a matter of fact, it's playing a jazzy psychiatric background now! Can't you hear it?
doobobedoobah dweedop shoop-um dw
Hmmm! Now that you mention it, I do hear a catchy-little beat. Well, continue!
Anyway, the music got more annoying when I was picking out my clothes . . . and all the way downtown in my convertible, it irritated me . . . and when I got to Mama's, it was driving me nuts! Look, Doc! You have to help me! I need this music! A TV detective must have a gimmick these days!
RNNNG
It's for you, Mr. Gone!
Oh, that must be my TV Producer! I told him I would be here!
Hello . . . yes . . . this is Pete! Yes, I'm all right! I'm sorry about the mess I've made! It's that background music! It's been driving me crazy today for some reason! Yes . . . yes . . . you WHAT? No wonder!! Yes, sir! I'll change into an Ivy League suit right away! Of course, slim tie! Button-down shirt, too! Trim my crew cut! Yes, sir! And thanks for calling! What a relief!
dow DOOBIE DOOBIE SQUEE BOP
DO DOP skoodi
That was my Producer! Our regular jazz group . . . you know, the one that follows me around wherever I go . . . well, they went on vacation last night! Since early this morning, they've had a substitute combo supplying the background music!
And a-vun . . . and a-two . . . and a-three . . .
I knew it! I KNEW IT!
BOODIE oompah de doobah POP
42

ROCK 'N PAROLE DEPT.

Let's face it! Today, a high school isn't much different from a prison. Bells ring announcing different activities, there are guards in the halls, students gather in cliques to secretly plot how to escape by cutting classes, relatives come to visit (when cutters are caught), weapons in the form of crib notes are cleverly smuggled into exams, etc. The only difference we can see is: high schools have yearbooks, and prisons don't! We think it's only fair that the graduating inmates of prisons all over the country are entitled to the same permanent remembrance of the best years of their lives. For example:



ART—JOE ORLANDO STORY—LARRY SIEGEL

BIG HOUSE HONOR GRADUATES

Albanese, Rocky

5-10 BURGLARY

Served 7

Solitary Confinement Section Monitor, Bar - Clanging and Guard-Baiting Club, Calendar Date Scratcher-Outer for Cell 34

A swell guy to all, a friend through and through,
Unless you're a guard, a fink or a screw.

Carson, Arson

10-15 EMBEZZLING

Served 4

Legal Loopholes and Appeals Club, Sheet-Knotting Society, Getting Word to the Outside Committee, Ducking - The - Searchlight Certificate.

Always light-hearted, smiling and gay,
Knowing he's got ten grand stashed away.

Fagin, Seymour

10-20 HIJACKING

Served 6 Months

President of the Barton MacLane Fan Club, Side-of-the-Mouth Message - Passing Certificate, Captain of the Senior Stoolie-Beating Team, Laundry-Room Gun-Smuggling Award.

Eyes of blue, a smile so wide,
He'll kill his mouthpiece when he gets outside.

Noonan, Burnside

5-8 AREADLY

Served 17

Dining Hall Riot-Starting Squad, Death House Glee Club, Big Bull Manesi's Shakedown Committee, Note-Swallowing Honor Society.

Bright and cheery, a mischievous elf,
In three pens he's made a number for himself.

Throop, Trigger

11-20 MANSLAUGHTER

Served 11

Yard Rumor-Spreading Squad, Playboy Magazine Pin-Up Hanging Monitor, Prison Prom Social Director, Treasurer of the Jack La Rue Fan Club.

Smart and handsome, an emcee rare
For our prison TV show "Beat The Chair".

Zinn, Zack

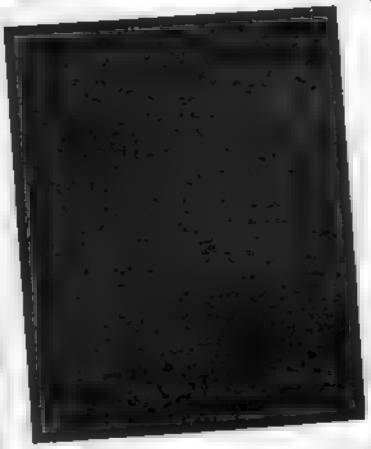
7-10 JAYWALKING

Served 15

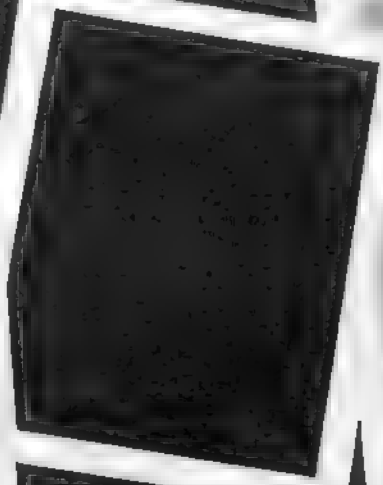
Society Editor of Big House Bugle, Prison Break Hostage-Holding Monitor, Secretary of the Nat Pendleton Fan Club

Roses are red, violets are blue,
Mustard is hot, his car was too.

CANDID SHOTS OF THE CLASS OF '59



THE BOYS IN SOLITARY AT NOON

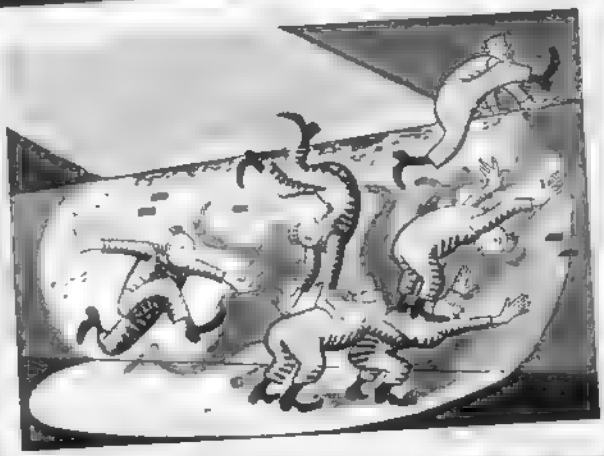


THE BOYS IN SOLITARY AT MIDNIGHT

SENIORS PLAYING "CATCH THE STOOLIE"

PRISON COMMITTEE GOING TO WARDEN'S OFFICE WITH A LIST OF GRIEVANCES

PRISON COMMITTEE RETURNING FROM WARDEN'S OFFICE WITH A LIST OF GRIEVANCES



BIG HOUSE ACROBATIC TEAM PRACTICING FOR ATHLETIC MEET WITH SING SING

SENIORS PLAYING "BRIBE THE GUARD" BEHIND THE PRISON LIBRARY

BIG HOUSE SQUADS AND ORGANIZATIONS

THE SENIOR MACHINE SHOP CREW

Standing: L. to R. Warren Hymer, Guinn Williams, Leo Gorcey, Huntz Hall, Louis Fink (a guard) and Edward Brophy. *Seated:* Harold Huber, Billy Halop *Dropping:* Two-Ton Weight

THE SENIOR STOOLIE SQUAD

L. to R. the late Chick McGooley, the late Hank Borelli, the late Ike Yurks, the late Monty McGee, the late Irv Dillinger, the late Lait Show.

OUTSTANDING BIG HOUSE GRADUATES

BEST DRESSED

WARREN BIGGLEBY

MOST POPULAR

MURRAY FINSTER

COMEDIAN

MILTON BOIL

MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED

BORIS WILLEWSKI

LEAST LIKELY TO SUCCEED

MACHINE GUN GERTZ

BIG HOUSE SONGS AND CHEERS

ALMA MATER

Alma Mater, Alma Mater,
To your praise our voices ring ring.
San Quentin, Alcatraz can't touch you,
And we prefer you to Sing Sing.
We love your ivy-covered cell blocks,
The peace your Solitary gives,
We walk your yard in autumn sunsets
Making mess spoons into shivs.
Alma Mater, Alma Mater,
Unto you we raise a cup,
Of all the pens throughout the nation,
Yours is the river we want to go up
Up, up, up . . .
Yours is the river we want to go up.

THE DINING HALL CHANT

(To be sung while clanging silverware on the dining hall tables. For proper rhythm, see any of the last 17 Barton MacLane pictures!

Ya ya ya ya
Ya ya ya ya
Ya ya ya ya
Ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya
Ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya
Ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya
Ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya
Ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya
Baby!

GO CHEER

Come on, Big House, on the ball!
Let's not stumble, let's not fall!
Grab a hostage, big or small!
Blow a hole in the west wall!
Then, go, team
Go, team
GO! GO! GO!

SPELL-IT-OUT CHEER

With a "B" and an "I" and a double "G"
And an "H" and an "O" and a "W-S-E"
BIGG HOWSE!!!
(Wait, that's not right, fellas!)
With a "B" and an "I" and then a "I"
And an "H" and an "O" and an "O-S-E"
BIJ HOOSE???
(Let's try it again, huh gang)
With a "B" and an "I" and then a "K"
And an "H" and an "A" and . . .
(Aw, the heck with it!)
YEY, TEAM!!!

You know what? The "secret ingredient" in MAD is really "me"!

A MESSAGE FROM OUR WARDEN

TO THE BIG HOUSE GRADUATING CLASS OF 1959

It has been our job here at Big House to teach you right from wrong. We have attempted to impress you with the words of Buggus Bunnius, the famous Latin scholar, who said: *"Stratus winnus; lorbrakus losus; paisus stratus shutus!"* Which means: "Straight-shooters always win, law-breakers always lose, so it pays to shoot straight!"

At last you are ready to go out into the world. As is customary, I now give you each a suit of clothes and $10. You are now good, fine, honest men. And now, I must say good-bye. I must re-deposit the rest of this $10,000 dollars I drew from the vault, and . . . hmmmm . . .

I could have sworn I had the money in my pocket a few minutes ago . . .

Your Warden
OTTO WILTSHIRE

A MESSAGE FROM OUR ADMISSIONS OFFICER

TO THE BIG HOUSE GRADUATING CLASS OF 1959

You are now the Big House Graduating Class of 1964, if you don't try anything else like you just pulled on the Warden. Please remove all your clothing, and leave your valuables at the desk . . .

Your Admissions Officer
ALVIN FLUT

For his parting shot, Mr. Martin (a nervous wreck from his financial dealings with MAD), describes the night his wife presented him with

THE NEW CHAIR

PHOTO OF MAD LIVING AT N.Y.C.'S "CUP 'N SAUCER COFFEE HOUSE" BY LESTER KRAUSS

Know the real joy of "mad" living...

Move up to idiocy... move up to...

MAD T-SHIRTS and MAD STRAIGHT JACKETS

FEATURING MAD'S "WHAT... ME WORRY?" KID

Imprinted in full permanent colors

MAD T-SHIRTS

225 Lafayette Street
New York City 12, N.Y.

I want to know the real joy of "mad" living! Rush my MAD T-SHIRT(S). I enclose $1.25 for each shirt and I have carefully filled in my size.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

NO. OF SHIRTS _____ SIZE(S) _____ ◀ CHECK CHART BELOW

AMOUNT ENCLOSED AT $1.25 each _____

BOYS & GIRLS					
CHEST MEAS.	SIZE	CHEST MEAS.	SIZE	CHEST MEAS.	SIZE
24"– 27"	BS	27"–31"	BM	31"–34"	BL

MEN & WOMEN					
CHEST MEAS.	SIZE	CHEST MEAS.	SIZE	CHEST MEAS.	SIZE
34"–37"	MS	37"–41"	MM	41"–44"	ML

The MAD STRAIGHT JACKET looks exactly like the real thing, especially when you shove your arms deep into them roomy criss-crossed pockets. Imprinted in glorious full color. Comes with a genuine padlock. Doubles as an autograph or a lounging jacket.

MAD STRAIGHT JACKETS

225 Lafayette Street
New York City 12, New York

I want to move up to idiocy! Rush my MAD STRAIGHT JACKET(S). I enclose $4.95 for each jacket and I have carefully filled in my size.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

NO. OF JACKETS _____ SIZE(S) _____ ◀ (S) small (M) medium (L) large

AMOUNT ENCLOSED AT $4.95 each _____

Nothing stops it - not even power brakes-

THE "CRASH PROOF" BODY BY FISHEY

You buy *safety* when you buy a new Body by Fishey—safety that can be measured in *rate of climb*.

For only a Fishey body gives you the exclusive accident-prevention feature of *flight*.

The secret? Balsa wood bolts hold the Fishey Body to the chassis!

Yes, when you're out driving your new car with its Fishey Body, and an accident becomes suddenly imminent, all you have to do is apply them power brakes!

The chassis stops on a dime, but your "Crash Proof" Fishey Body takes off, sails into space, and keeps on going.

You avoid the problem of replacing crushed grilles and dented fenders. You avoid the problem of paying costly repair bills. And you avoid the problem created by the accident itself.

The only thing you can't avoid is the problem of getting back down to the ground.

We haven't been able to figure out this one yet ourselves!

Only the "G·M* Five" give you the Breakaway BODY BY FISHEY

THE FINISHING TOUCH

You may have thought all along that this is our trademark. Well it is not! This is the magnificent 18th Century coach we've got waiting for the first driver who avoided an accident in a Fishey Body to come back to Earth.

SEVROLET
PONTIARC
UPSMOBILE
BUCKIT
CADILJAC

*Gravity Masters